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THE SECOND WEEK of the inquiry of the Senate committee into the anti-disarmament propaganda of William B. Shearer at the naval limitation conference at Geneva in 1927 brought up more mud from bottom but failed to give the public much further information in regard to responsibility for what took place. On page 378 we print an article on the investigation. Subsequent to the writing of this article Drew Pearson, a Washington correspondent who was at the Geneva conference, testified in regard to the conduct of our naval experts. Mr. Pearson said that Admirals Reeves and Schofield and Commanders Frost and Train often talked with Mr. Shearer. Admiral Reeves expressed the hope that the Geneva meeting would fail and the others said they did not want a repetition of what happened at Mr. Harding's Washington conference. Admiral Reeves later denied the words attributed to him, but the reported attitude of these naval officers runs true to type. It is precisely what should always be expected when navy men are intrusted with work in which they do not believe. Mr. Shearer's own testimony was less illuminating than might have been expected. Describing himself as "American, Christian, Protestant, Nationalist," Mr. Shearer contradicted Charles M. Schwab's assurance that he knew nothing of the employment of the propagandist. On the contrary, Mr. Shearer said, his work at Geneva had its origin in a conversation between him and Mr. Schwab. All told it is a pitiful picture of the "efficient American business man" that has been unrolled in Washington. Even after largely discounting the stories of the shipbuilders, these men appear like a lot of muddling and incapable schoolboys. They reached an important decision and pledged considerable money after a fifteen-minute interview in which, as one of them put it, they were "jazzed off" their feet. And then they forgot all about it and failed to read their representative's reports when sent in. Some day the myth of the "efficient American business man" is going to join the story of Washington and the cherry tree and that of Jonah and the whale.

WHAT IS NEWS? On September 28 Lieutenant W. J. Lyster, coal and iron policeman, was acquitted of the particularly brutal killing of a miner, John Barkoski, for which he was standing trial in Pittsburgh. [The story of the killing was told in *The Nation* of February 27.] The details of the attack, described by eye-witnesses, were almost too revolting to print; the plea was self-defense, and one of the exhibits was a scratch about an inch and a half long which the defendant testified he had received on the shoulder and which witnesses at the trial corroborated; the Pittsburgh Coal Company which employed the policeman was enough disturbed by the affair to "recompense" the wife of the dead man by making a payment to her of between twelve and thirteen thousand dollars. Yet in spite of the evidence, pointing to a sadistic frenzy on the part of the policeman, and notwithstanding the defendant's record, which included similar outbursts in the past, the jury found him innocent of the charge of murder. The judge discharged the jurymen with a reprimand for their incompetence in not finding the defendant guilty. This, we submit, is a good news story. Yet so far as we have been able to discover, not one New York newspaper covered the trial; the Associated Press, when questioned, was vague on the subject and thought that "something had come in about it." Some evening newspapers of Monday, September 30, reported the bare announcement of the acquittal from a United Press dispatch, but no data about the trial itself. What is news? If a policeman kills a miner, is it news? Would it be news, say, if a miner killed a policeman? *The Nation* will carry a full account of the amazing trial and acquittal in next week's issue.

THE DEFENSE SCORED a notable victory at the beginning of the second trial of the sixteen strikers and Communists of Gastonia, North Carolina, for the murder of Police Chief Aderholt, when nine of the prisoners were freed and the charges against the seven others were reduced from first-degree murder to that of second degree. That means at least that no prisoner will go to the electric chair, and it indicates the great weakness of the prosecution's case. The holding of the seven prisoners also suggests prejudice on the part of Solicitor Carpenter and his associates against the Northern Communist leaders, for the evidence against some

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of the prisoners who were freed appeared to be stronger than against the Northern leaders, who were held. At the opening of the second trial it seemed that if it were conducted as fairly as the first, there would be an acquittal. Meanwhile, though, Judge Thomas J. Shaw of the Superior Court of North Carolina has issued a ruling against one of the Communist leaders that shows how near to the dark ages a judge of our courts may be. Ben Wells appeared before Judge Shaw to tell how he was kidnapped and flogged by a band of anti-Communist zealots. When he was part way through his testimony a lawyer for the prosecution started the following colloquy: "Do you believe in God?" "No." "Do you believe in the Bible?" "No." "You don't believe in a God who will punish you if you tell a lie?" "No." Whereupon the prosecuting attorney declared that the witness had disqualified himself, and Judge Shaw agreed with him. Strangely enough, Judge Shaw's ruling agrees with North Carolina precedent in such cases, since a decision in 1856 held that an atheist cannot properly take the oath.

THE DETENTION of Ernst Toller for twenty-four hours on Ellis Island was just another curious example of the workings of our immigration law. In accordance with the law it is customary to hold at Ellis Island aliens wishing to be admitted to the United States if they have been in prison in another country. Mr. Toller served a five-year sentence following revolutionary activities in Munich in 1919. When the immigration authorities discovered that Mr. Toller had been a political prisoner instead of an ordinary felon, they decided that the rule did not apply to him and he was released. Of course Mr. Toller's passport was visaed, presumably by an American consul in Berlin familiar with the regulations of the immigration service here; one might have thought that news of Mr. Toller's "political" offense might have preceded him, particularly since he did not wish to take up his residence here but merely to come in as a visiting alien; it might even have been conceivable that he should have been received as a distinguished guest to this country. But here we admit that our imagination is running away with us. The immigration service knows nothing about distinguished German poets; it knows only "radicals," "dangerous ideas," "convicted criminals." Its manifest duty is to protect American citizens from wicked aliens who may overturn the United States government. To that end it is willing to sacrifice common sense and common good manners—and incidentally further to rile European nations already sufficiently put out by American customs.

AFTER A GREAT DEAL of diplomatic jockeying Great Britain and Russia have agreed to resume governmental relations with each other. The resumption of relations with the Soviet Government after two years of backstairs communication is nominally a victory for the Russians, because they had insisted that they would not make any pledges about debts to British subjects or about Communist propaganda within the British Empire until official recognition had been granted to them, and on this point Arthur Henderson finally yielded. But, before agreeing to resume relations, Mr. Henderson won his contention that a list of the things to be discussed should be agreed upon, and Russia will now be compelled to face the debt and propaganda issues squarely. In view of the practical values involved, the Russians are likely to sacrifice most of their Communist propaganda within the empire for some long-term credits on purchases from British firms. Such a bargain would not be a bad one for them, because Moscow propaganda in Great Britain has always been a dismal failure and the Communists know that revolutionary propaganda in British territory will not stop when their own agents are officially withdrawn. For downright revolutionary gusto there are probably no agitators in the Kremlin who can beat the native British propagandists from the Clyde and South Wales—and no British government can shut their mouths or deport them.

GIICHI TANAKA, who died on September 29 in Tokyo, will be remembered chiefly because during his two years as Japanese prime minister he brought the Orient to the brink of another war by his "strong" policy in China. More of a fighter than a statesman, Tanaka represented well that class of professional soldiers, the samurai, from which he sprang. He was passionately patriotic and dreamed much of the expansion of his beloved empire. Because he died during one of the worst political scandals in the history of Japan, he has been compared to Warren G. Harding, but in characteristics and policies he was much more like Theodore Roosevelt—without Roosevelt's genius for catching the imagination of the masses. The political party which Tanaka led, the Seiyukai, is now in a state of collapse because his chief lieutenant is in prison for bribery and many of his other helpers are involved in scandal. We would like to believe that the passing of Tanaka and the exposure of his party meant a new era in Japanese politics, but there is little foundation for such a hope. The major Japanese parties have been soaked in corruption so long that they are quite indistinguishably black, and the Japanese Diet has been too weak to control the army and navy. While the Japanese liberals like to compare their Parliament with the British House of Commons, it is evident that democracy in Japan and Great Britain will not be comparable until the militarists are subordinated to civilian control, and until the emperor and the clique surrounding him are stripped of some of their ancient "rights."

THE AUSTRIAN REVOLUTION that was to be ushered in on Sunday, September 29, did not come off, notwithstanding the several hundred meetings intended to put the Government on the defensive and open the way for a Fascist regime dominated by the Heimwehr. Chancellor Schober, before he took office, was known as "the world's best chief of police," and a strong display of force kept the situation from getting out of hand. The constitutional crisis, however, continues. The announcement by Chancellor Streeruwitz, on September 20, that a bill providing for fundamental changes in the constitution designed to strengthen the authority of the state would be presented to Parliament was followed, five days later, by the fall of the Ministry and the formation of the Schober Cabinet. The new Ministry also favors constitutional reforms, among them one which would change the political status of Vienna from that of a province to that of a city, thereby weakening the influence of its present Socialist administration; but as the Government has declined to yield to coercion, its relations with the Heimwehr, whose leaders would like to break the Socialist power altogether, still hang in balance. In the Tyrol,

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it appears, the Heimwehr is a legal organization and ready to serve as an emergency police, and the provincial governor has announced that its arms, which have been deposited with the government, would be turned over to it "in case of need." The desire of Austria for a foreign loan holds out some hope of a peaceful solution of the complex political difficulty.

THE AUSTRALIAN ELECTION on October 12 promises to be pretty nearly a straight contest for and against the continuance of the federal arbitration court for industrial disputes. Compulsory arbitration of industrial grievances has existed in Australia for more than a quarter of a century. Each state has a court of its own and in addition there is a federal tribunal, intended chiefly for the settlement of troubles which extend beyond the limits of a single state. In spite of the long history of compulsory arbitration in Australia, it has not been accepted as a settled issue, and the federal court especially has been under fire. The fall of Premier Bruce's Government recently was precipitated by that issue, after the Cabinet had been in power less than a year. In the coming election the Labor Party will support the federal arbitration court, although considerable elements among the workers distrust it as likely to be used against them. Mr. Bruce's organization, the Nationalists, will oppose the court, presumably with the backing of the Country Party, which represents the wealthy landowners. Labor has 31 members in the federal Parliament as a result of the election last November, while the Nationalists have 29 and the Country Party 13; there are 2 independents. The Nationalists gained their members largely by using the bogy of revolutionary Communism against Labor, while Mr. Bruce governed through the support of the Country Party. The latter deserted him when it thought he was vacillating on the issue of the federal arbitration court.

THE NEW YORK STATE Federation of Women's Clubs, after a survey, has announced that a young couple can marry safely on $1,000 and get along quite nicely on $50 a week. The good ladies of the federation have established a bureau at which they will tell any young couple how it can be done. There are several million wage earners in and around New York who are not so much interested in how to live on $50 a week as in how to live on what they get, which averages far below the minimum figure of the women's federation. It is true that wages in the United States have gone up more rapidly than the cost of living (Professor Paul Douglas estimates that the real annual earnings of employed American workers increased 28 per cent from 1914 to 1927), but there is still a great gap between what the workers get and what the standard American family needs to maintain itself at a decent level. Our manufacturing workers average about $25 a week in wages and all the best statisticians tell them that they need at least $40 to support a normal family. We wish that the ladies of the New York federation would puzzle over that.

NOW THAT WE ARE TALKING of disarmament, wouldn't it be well to disarm and demobilize the brigade of men whom a flunkey press insists upon referring to as generals or colonels or majors in consequence of some military connection during the World War, or since? The only persons who should be known by military titles are active or retired officers of the regular army—professional soldiers. At a convention soon after the World War, the American Legion wisely voted to abandon the use of the military titles that its members had borne temporarily during the conflict, but unfortunately the resolution has not been lived up to, for which the newspapers are doubtless chiefly responsible. To attach military titles to the names of men who were officers for a few months a decade ago is bad peace psychology and poor democracy. And it is still worse to extend the custom to young men who have more recently become members of the officers' reserve. We are moved to write on the subject because of the silly way in which the press recently referred to the marriage of "Major" John Coolidge. Major John Fiddlesticks! It is a bore to read of our ambassador to London as "General" Dawes and it is tiresome to hear the son of ex-President Roosevelt referred to in the newspapers as "Colonel." But "Major" John Coolidge is incredible.

THE PARIS DESIGNERS have been trying for years to hide not only the feminine knee but the feminine ankle as well. The short skirt, which is the most distinctive characteristic in the modern woman's dress, is the target each season for the heaviest shots from Paris. Though a healthful desire for variety may have something to do with these attempts, the only real reason, so far as we can make out, is to force women to buy a complete new wardrobe. Styles on the whole have been so stable for the last few years that the same dress might be and has been worn a second or even a third season; and that is not profitable for dress designers. This year the campaign has been intensified and has succeeded to the extent that Fifth Avenue windows and the newspaper advertising pages are filled with skirts lugubriously long. An up-to-the minute reporter on styles tells us that the woman who would follow the styles this year must, as the designers have designed, throw away all her last season's clothes, including hats. (A brim, my dear, is nothing less than a *faux pas*.)

BUT THERE ARE RUMORS of rebellion. We have heard that the stores behind those lugubrious Fifth Avenue windows are also filled with long skirts, for the reason that American women—and men—don't like 'em! And recently we saw in a New York newspaper an advertisement of a New York store, which included two drawings and ran somewhat as follows: "Above is pictured one of our latest Paris models. Note the long skirt, the round neck line, and the fitted bodice." "However," the advertisement went on, "we realize that there are many women who do not like long skirts, who do not look well in a round neck line, and to whom the fitted bodice is not becoming. We have therefore made our own interpretation of this Paris model, which is pictured below." The skirt was short, with only a bit of a dip at one side to show just how long a skirt can be in this land of the brave and home of the knee. The neckline had a modernistic angle. The material was apparently the only thing the two gowns had in common and, according to our judgment, the "interpretation" left the Paris creation far behind, trailing its silly long skirt in the dust. The big skirmish of the women's-dress season will be fought out at the hem-line. The short skirt is more than a fad. It typifies this generation. On with the rebellion.

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MacDonald Comes to America

IT is a genuine pleasure to welcome Ramsay MacDonald to this country both as an individual for whom we have the greatest respect and as the Prime Minister of the Labor Government of Great Britain. Mr. MacDonald is a rare thing among politicians: a man whose personal worth sheds more luster upon him than does his office, important as that is. Mr. MacDonald had the intelligence to see the World War in advance as many others now see it in retrospect—a conflict not only unspeakably cruel but inexpressibly futile. And he had the courage to say what he thought at a moment when it cost him everything in the way of reputation and position that men hold dear—a moment when most of those who are now welcoming him so loudly would have passed him on the street without a nod. Surely nothing succeeds like success; it can justify even pacifism.

Thus *The Nation,* as a fellow-unbeliever in the religion of war and nationalism, is glad to welcome Mr. MacDonald the individual. And it is also glad to greet him not as the governmental head of a great country, since nincompoops often hold such a position, but as the leader of a Labor Government which seeks to supersede the present industrial system with something better. Nor does it make our welcome less warm to recall that Premier MacDonald belongs to the particular wing of the Labor Party which believes in the eventual elimination of the profits system.

And we pause for a moment of quiet laughter at the spectacle of our conservative press, our 100 per cent patriots, our anti-labor employers, our profiteers of Big Business, our Herbert Hoovers and our Jimmy Walkers, our peanut politicians and our me-too rabble shouting vociferous huzzas over the visit of a man whose pacifism they abhor and whose political economy they fear more than the plagues inflicted upon Egypt.

Much was said in advance of Mr. MacDonald's sailing in regard to the bearing of his visit on naval limitation. In fact a final accord in that respect was generally conceived to be the chief purpose of the journey. As our readers know, we are not over-enthusiastic on that point. The suggested limits for cruiser tonnage—discussed in our last issue—seem to call for some reduction by Great Britain, but as far as we are concerned permit the completion of our present building program, and then slightly more. At the same time, if competitive building between Great Britain and the United States can be stopped for the future, the gain is real, and the better feeling between the two countries which the naval negotiations have produced is in happy contrast to the ugly mood left by the breakdown of President Coolidge's conference in Geneva in 1927. On the eve of sailing for this country Premier MacDonald let it be known that he deprecated the emphasis that had been put on his trip as a means to obtain naval limitation; he wished that the wider significance of his visit should be realized. As a matter of fact, an Anglo-American agreement on naval limitation is likely to hinder rather than help the proposed five-nation conference on the subject this coming winter. France, Italy, and Japan are exhibiting considerable irritation over taking part in a meeting in which two of the parties have already made certain decisions. England and America would probably have done better either to attempt only a mutual arrangement in regard to navies or else to have left the whole subject open for consideration by the five nations in question at the proposed conference.

As to the wider aspects of the MacDonald visit to America, they are seen much more clearly on the Continent than here. Europeans understand that the gesture means that Great Britain is definitely turning to the West; the entente with France is to be abandoned and one is to be sought with the United States. The break with Europe, at least, was already made plain by the way in which Mr. Snowden bludgeoned his fellow-conferees at The Hague in regard to the Young Plan. Mr. MacDonald now makes the rest of the program evident. The United States, of course, has less either to gain or lose by an Anglo-American entente than has Great Britain. We are the cock of the world's walk, politically and industrially, and we act the part. Self-reliant and self-contained to an extraordinary degree, we care only mildly for the friendship or aid of any other nation. The situation of Great Britain is altogether different. Of itself it is decadent industrially and probably its future lies in becoming a nucleus of a great overseas federation made up of the colonies and the self-governing dominions. Yet geographically Great Britain cannot escape from Europe, and it is a question if it can gain enough by any other kind of orientation to compensate for the loss of European friendships. It may be argued, of course, that the Anglo-French entente has been dying ever since the World War and is now undependable. Yet as long as Great Britain places the store that it does on access to the Mediterranean and control of the Suez Canal, it can ill afford to lose even the tenuous cooperation of France.

Of course no formal entente with the United States is expected; the idea is rather to obtain mutual understanding and concerted action in regard to certain world problems—Russia and China, among others, perhaps. We confess to considerable fear for the Labor Government in such an arrangement. The Labor Government is pledged to a better and more democratic industrial system at home and to a freer and more honest diplomacy abroad than that of its predecessors. We are convinced that Mr. MacDonald personally is sincerely devoted to such a program. Yet we fear for its success if he is looking for much cooperation with the United States. For the America of today, we say with regret, is an empire of business which has come to be regarded as the stronghold of reactionary industrialism. Puffed up as it is after ten years of unprecedented material expansion, the United States is in no mood to be conciliatory toward the views of others, and we surmise that such agreements as it makes will be mostly on its own terms. Liberal and intelligent as President Hoover has shown himself to be in many respects, he is fundamentally the super-salesman of a great factory which is run for the benefit of a privileged few.

We welcome Mr. MacDonald to this factory, but we hope he will not mistake its shining machinery and its glib sales talk for liberty, equality, and fraternity.

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Insurance by the Bucket

A CORRESPONDENT chides us because in the issue of September 11, when we wrote in laudatory vein of the life-insurance companies that had passed the one-hundred-billion mark in the face value of their policies, we did not discuss the shortcomings of American life insurance. After some reflection and investigation we have concluded that the point was well taken. To say without qualification that 65,000,000 American policy-holders have one hundred billion dollars in life insurance is to convey the totally wrong impression that our common wage-earning families are protected by insurance to the amount of several thousand dollars each. The truth is that our workers have relatively little insurance protection and that the hundred-billion figure of the life-insurance companies is padded with many billions of paper policies which are worthless to the workers because eventually they will be allowed to lapse.

The worst abuses in the life-insurance business occur in the field of industrial insurance, which includes only those small individual policies on which payments are made weekly and monthly. To call them life-insurance policies at all is a misrepresentation, because they are really burial-insurance policies, but they comprise a substantial part of the one hundred billions of "life insurance" totals. Two companies alone, the Prudential and the Metropolitan, carry twelve billions in industrial insurance, with average policies of $214 and $169 respectively, paid for in tiny driblets of five cents a week and up. The overhead cost of collecting such insurance payments is prodigious, and it is precisely in this field that the victims can least afford to pay a large overhead.

The man who pays, let us say, $10 a quarter for an ordinary life-insurance policy in any of the great standard companies is not in need of sympathy. His money is safe, the company is carefully guarded by our insurance laws against the more obvious forms of fraud, and frequently he receives a goodly dividend check as his share of the mutual profits—although he might make a wry face at the word "mutual" if he knew that Frederick H. Ecker of the Metropolitan received a salary of $197,000 in 1927 even before he was president of the company, or that Darwin P. Kingsley of the New York Life has a stipend of $112,500. It is the working-class fathers and mothers who pay five, ten, and fifteen cents a week for industrial insurance who are caught between the upper and the nether millstones of their foresight and their poverty. In this class of insurance the chances are about eight or nine to one that the family which starts payments will never collect the full value of the policy.

Some startling figures that go to substantiate this were published recently by George L. Knapp in the *Railway Clerk*. Mr. Knapp pointed out that in 1927 the Prudential Insurance Company allowed industrial insurance to lapse amounting to fourteen times as much as the money which it paid out in death claims on policies of this class. Death claims were paid to 248,776 families while 2,190,932 families lost their policies, presumably because they could not keep up payments. These figures, however, omit the important fact that almost 700,000 families managed to revive their tiny policies after they had lapsed, so that the ratio of finally lapsed insurance to death claims paid was about nine to one. But that ratio is appalling enough, especially when we note that it applies also to the Metropolitan's industrial insurance. Of course, the policy-holders do not lose the full face value of their policies, but they do lose all or part of what they have paid in. Nobody knows just what these cash losses are, because the insurance companies do not publish figures concerning them. We invite the Metropolitan and the Prudential to disclose through our pages their own figures of the actual cash loss of their industrial-insurance customers, or any other mitigating facts concerning the practices which we have described.

Selling coal by the bucket is not a crime, nor is selling insurance by the same method, but it is tragically wasteful, and the community is responsible for it more than the insurance companies themselves. We in America have not appreciated the fact that the forethought and savings necessary for economical insurance are impossible for millions of our wage-earners because their pay is too low or irregular. (Probably 30 to 40 per cent of them have no insurance of any kind, and who can blame them?) A man receiving the average American manufacturing wage of about $25 a week cannot protect his old age and at the same time support a family. Our States or the federal government should do for him what the government of almost every other civilized nation does for its workers, protect his old age by its own insurance.

How About the Indian?

PRESIDENT HOOVER named a noted educator, Ray Lyman Wilbur, as Secretary of the Interior. He named two Quakers, business men of large affairs and philanthropists, as Commissioner and Assistant Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Six months have passed —three months since Commissioner Rhoads and Assistant Commissioner Scattergood took office. What is to be done to relieve and emancipate the Indian?

The knowledge of excessively bad conditions became a commonplace before March 4 last. Among the outstanding facts were the slow starvation of 25,000 children in compulsory boarding schools of the Indian Bureau; neglect of health and medical services, resulting in a tuberculous death-rate among Indians seven times greater than that of the general population; denial of practically all civil liberties to Indians; the handling by the Indian Bureau of tens of millions a year of Indian money without accounting or court review; and a shrinkage in the value of the Indian estate through acts of the government as guardian.

Secretary Wilbur has made various announcements of policies; they have appeared impulsive, even whimsical. In part they have been self-contradictory. The reservations, Secretary Wilbur has stated, are to be broken up. Indians are to be made self-supporting. Indians must cease to live as charity wards of the government. They must be "weaned"—"be handed a pickle and allowed to howl."

As a policy of diminishing the Indian Bureau's czarship over Indians and their property, the Secretary's plan can be heartily welcomed. Those in his confidence believe that the extension of constitutional rights to Indians is one of the Secretary's main aims. The description of Indians as pauperized dependents is wide of the mark and highly

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unfortunate. There are no such Indians, aside from the aged and infirm who are sometimes meagerly rationed, and children in the compulsory boarding schools of the Indian Bureau. And even among these, thousands are supported not by the government, but through tribal and individual funds belonging to themselves. Indian property has for so long been regarded as a pork barrel that Secretary Wilbur appears unconsciously to have taken for granted that Indian property is government property. Indians who farm and graze their own lands, or who live on the yield of their own estates, are not paupers supported by the government.

The Indians are owners of more than 100,000 square miles of land. Added to their grazing and farm areas, which include hundreds of thousands of acres of irrigated or irrigable lands, are forests valued at more than $100,000,000 and numerous other resources including water-powers and various minerals and oil. What is Secretary Wilbur's intention? Does he intend, for the Indian's spiritual welfare, to bring about a confiscation of this Indian property? His statements, with one exception, have this implication. The exception is a highly important one. Secretary Wilbur has declared for a policy of enabling tribes of Indians to incorporate as modern business corporations, operating their tribal estates on corporate lines. That single policy, if executed, would go far to establish Indians in American life without bureaucratic domination and without a confiscation of their property.

Secretary Wilbur declares for "decentralization of the activities of the Indian Bureau as rapidly as possible. Viewed over a period of years the Indian agent with his abnormal powers shall be dispensed with. In so far as it is feasible, the problem of health and education for Indians shall become a responsibility of the various States. The Indian as rapidly as possible shall have full responsibility for himself." These are wholesome words and hopeful undertakings, if they can be divorced from the other policy announced by Secretary Wilbur of forcibly allotting all Indian property into individual ownership in line with the disastrous policies of earlier years. But even here the Secretary's announcements have been contradictory. Declaring for the independence of the Indians, he yet has made public a letter in which he forecasts a renewed use of governmental authority to prevent them from making public showing of their native ceremonies.

Are the protections of the Bill of Rights to be extended to Indians? Is the spending of millions of Indian money without the consent of the Indians and without accounting to be stopped? Is the food allowance for children in the Indian boarding schools to be made sufficient and wholesome? The allowance, according to the Institute for Government Research, has been on the average eleven cents a day. Is compulsory child labor for Indians, in and out of the boarding schools, to be stopped? Are day schools to be progressively substituted for boarding schools? Is the family and religious life of Indians henceforth to be respected? Are convincing steps to be taken toward reducing the extravagant infant death-rate and tuberculous death-rate of Indians and toward curing the 60,000 who are known to be suffering from infectious trachoma?

The confidence felt in the new officers will be held or lost according to the answers given to these and similar questions.

Murder in a Maze

A YOUNG girl of nineteen marries a young man of twenty. The young man subsequently explains that he had, before their marriage, taken her to a doctor to "get her out of trouble"—not of his own making—and then had married her because he loved her. But all does not go well in this youthful match: the young husband is radio mad; the young wife, after several months of completely unsatisfactory wedded life, leaves her partner for other conquests. On the first anniversary of their marriage he visits her in her furnished room in New York, trying to effect a reconciliation and bring her back to the four-room flat they had once lived in. They dine together, return to the flat, he opens the door for her, and as she enters she says: "It looks like the same old dump." The young man is outraged, he strikes her, she strikes back, and the first thing he knows she is dead at his feet. Their romance is ended.

This is the story of Earle Peacox and his wife, Dorothy. The august State of New York set out to prove that Peacox was a murderer, that he deliberately enticed his estranged wife to his flat with the intention of killing her. To that end it lent dignity to this pitiful, sordid romance by bringing in all the panoply of the law and the courts, by introducing lawyers, a judge in his robes, a jury of twelve men who solemnly listened to Earle's recital of his thoughts and feelings on the fatal night and as solemnly prepared to decide what those feelings really were, regardless of how he described them. The young defendant alternately wept and stared stolidly ahead of him; when the verdict of murder in the second degree was announced, he seemed relieved.

What lies behind this murder? Not the mind of a killer; of that everyone can be reasonably sure. Rather an age in which the old authorities and traditions—most of which can be gratefully spared—are gone, and no new ones have arrived to take their places; when a young man and woman are bound no longer by fear of punishment here or hereafter and have not yet the necessary integrity themselves to make rules of conduct by which, in a society of individuals, they must live. An age, moreover, when without standards they have a facility for moving about from place to place and an opportunity for material sustenance and mechanical amusement unprecedented in history. In other words a complete irresponsibility and a dangerous power to exercise it.

It is not unlikely that such a period is inevitable in the education of a free people, and that instead of being filled with despair at the spectacle we should be filled with hope. Before we had the machine we had authority—of the church, the home, the state. These authorities maintained themselves because the people they governed knew very little about the world and saw almost none of it. Now they know and see more, and their knowledge is extended every day. There will come a time, possibly, when this knowledge will become so extensive as to be selective; when the important thing will not be to get somewhere in a car, but to get somewhere for a fixed and important purpose. Meanwhile we have young men and women, and often older ones, wandering around in a kind of maze of things to do, of places to go. But at least they are doing something and not nothing; they are moving and not standing still.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

THE most interesting part of the discussion aroused by the case of the Rev. Mr. William Blackshear lies in the comments supplied to newspapers by letter-writing clients. It is relatively unimportant whether a small group of Negro worshipers attend services at St. Matthews Church in Brooklyn or elsewhere. I might even add that it does not seem to be vital if they abstain from churchgoing altogether. But the implications of the case are extensive. Here in a dramatic form we have a test of the sincerity of organized Christianity. In spite of the stalwart stand taken by a few preachers here and there it seems obvious that the average professing Christian of today has not the slightest intention of attempting any actual experiment in living the life suggested by Jesus.

Palpably the rule of the ancient order is extremely difficult. I would not care to argue with anyone who said frankly that orthodox and fundamental Christianity was impossible under modern cultural conditions. There can be no denial of the fact that the rules of conduct established were outlined for people living under conditions quite unlike our own. But even in the beginning there was never any pretense that the way of Christ was easy. Fishermen gave up all that they had—a few small boats and a net—to follow the leader who had inspired them. Rich men wept when they learned what they must do to gain salvation. Even in ancient Palestine the doctrines of Jesus were thoroughly revolutionary and his service demanded radical sacrifices on the part of all.

Accordingly, it is quite irrelevant for Mr. Blackshear's defenders to write in and say: "'How would you like to have colored people sitting all around you during the church service every Sunday in the year?" Some of us can answer frankly that we would have no objection whatsoever. Undoubtedly some could say with equal truthfulness that they would be embarrassed even though they tried with all the good-will in the world to stifle an inner feeling of race prejudice. But those who find it difficult to sit at God's altar shoulder to shoulder with Negro worshipers ought to be reminded that it is also difficult for camels to pass through a needle's eye. Neither literalists nor interpreters of holy writ can find any sanction whatsoever for segregation within the church. Mr. Blackshear should take his Bible to bed with him sometime and consider Paul's description of the heavenly state: "Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond, nor free: but Christ is all and in all."

This seems to me an explicit exposition of the spirit of the primitive church, the church which was nearest Christ's own living example. It seems to me, then, that Mr. Blackshear and those associates within the church who support him ought to have courage enough to renounce the label Christian and pick one more appropriate. Much good might be done by religious leaders bold enough to say: "Some part of Christ's teaching we accept and some we reject." They might even be in all fairness allowed to call themselves neo-Christians. On the other hand it is the rankest sort of hypocrisy for any man to put on a surplice and urge all within the sound of his voice to follow the Master when what he means is that his congregation should go only a small part of the journey. Much has been said in the last few weeks about viewing the Blackshear controversy "realistically." Practical men always rush in with oil when waters grow turbulent. But here again I must protest that there is every indication that Jesus Christ was a fanatic and an idealist.

Most amazing of all is the contention of a few correspondents that white and black should not mingle at the altar rail because church membership involves certain social activities in which it would be embarrassing to have Negroes present. This seems to me a curious evaluation of the various phases of Christianity. Upholders of this point of view say in effect that the Rector's tea and muffins are of more importance than the body and the blood of Christ. If the Episcopal church is a club devoted to ethical and religious interests well and good. I think there should be exclusive organizations devoted to pursuits more interesting than contract bridge. But let these segregationists come out into the open. Miscegenation may be an evil thing. I don't know. The people who feel that it is important and vital to preserve the purity of the white race have every right in the world to crusade for such a policy. But they have no right to work for such an end under the banner of Jesus Christ who never seems to have been the least bit troubled by the presence of dark-skinned men around him. If a black man was good enough to carry the cross on the road to Calvary it seems quite preposterous that Negro parishioners of St. Matthews Church should be abruptly urged to take a walk down the street and find another edifice for themselves.

The irony of the whole dispute lies in the fact that what is probably the nearest approach to fundamental, primitive Christianity exists among the American Negroes. The message came to them, as it must have come to the multitude in Palestine, as something nascent and alive. They were all of them converts like the apostles themselves. The emotional quality of religion which animated the church in its early days is gone today except in the meetings of Negro congregations. In other words the exclusion of these devout worshipers is a process of weeding out true Christians in the interest of comfortable club fellows.

Here at hand there lies a letter to the New York *Evening Post* from a woman who says: "Just what do you people writing about the church and the Negro question really know about Negroes? Do you actually invite them to your teas, and have you ever really asked a Negro to join your church? . . . We of the South love our Negroes . . . and they love us. They are like children to us."

The good lady then goes on to argue that because of the backward mental qualities of the Negro he must be discouraged from attending white churches. For his own good, of course. No Southerner ever puts a slight upon a Negro without contending that he is trying to help him. But this is a curious disqualification which the good lady from the South has seized upon. "Like children," she says. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," said Christ.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Mr. Shearer Likes a Big Navy

By ROBERT S. ALLEN

Washington, September 30

MANY fantastic tales have been unfolded to Senate investigating committees by business men, but none more unconvincing or condemnatory of both their business and public ethics than the collective story related by the heads of the three great American shipbuilding corporations before the Naval Affairs subcommittee that is investigating their employment of William B. Shearer and his activities in lobbying against naval armament reduction. Executive after executive took the witness stand and solemnly told the committee that although they had hired Shearer to do propaganda and lobbying work for them in Washington in 1926 and 1928, before and after the Geneva naval conference, they had employed him at a very considerable increase in pay to attend that international gathering—at a time when they had unfinished government warship building contracts—solely for the purpose of "observing and reporting." Morever, they declared that although Shearer was thus dispatched to set up an innocent "observatory" they had, they confessed, been totally indifferent to his numerous reports and letters, and the few communications from Shearer that had more or less accidentally come to their attention they had viewed with contempt and disgust and had hardly read.

Further, despite this strong opinion of his dispatches, not one of the three officials who had hired him—Clinton L. Bardo, president of the New York Shipbuilding Company, Samuel W. Wakeman, vice-president of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, and Frederick P. Palen, vice-president of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Drydock Company—had communicated with him while he was in Geneva, and all were extremely anxious that his connection with them should be kept in the utmost secrecy. They paid him jointly, they testified, $25,000 for the Geneva job and $7,500 for previous lobbying in Washington, and the Newport News Company told of having given him an additional $8,000 for lobbying work on the fifteen-cruiser bill after the conference. Yet not one cent of this money is to be found recorded on their books as going to Shearer. All of it, they admitted, was transmitted through an intermediary, Henry C. Hunter, counsel for the shipbuilders' association, who testified that he performed this unusual service not in a professional capacity but as a personal favor and wholly without "attaching any significance to it."

All this these executives of corporations whose aggregate properties are worth many hundreds of millions of dollars and who have built, are building, and expect to build fighting ships for the United States navy did "casually," without the knowledge or approval of their superiors, without any inquiry as to the man they were employing, after only a few minutes' deliberation, and entirely without any interest in Shearer's views on naval matters and international relations.

"I think," said Mr. Bardo, "my ordinary business judgment was disarmed by the familiarity Mr. Shearer showed with his subject."

"I was jazzed off my feet by a supersalesman," explained Mr. Wakeman.

And so solely to ascertain the "trend" of the conference, according to Mr. Bardo, who saw three of the Shearer reports; and "I did not know what we might get but I hoped we could get some information that would be of value to us," according to Mr. Wakeman, who perused five of the reports; and "to furnish us information of possible use in making our bids on cruisers," to quote Mr. Palen, who said he never got any of the reports, they contracted to pay him each a third of $25,000 and turned him loose on the disarmament conference. Improbable. Yet no more fantastic than the pious testimony of Charles M. Schwab, chairman of the board of directors of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, who joyfully announced his willingness to scrap his vast armor-plate and shipbuilding plants to bring peace on earth and who fervently declared that such "interference" was contrary to every principle of his company; and who, in the next breath, admitted that although it had been brought to his attention that Shearer had been employed for such work by his company he had done nothing about it except to remark to "his boy," Eugene G. Grace, president of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, that it was "most unwise"—a reflection Mr. Grace earnestly assured the committee he heartily concurred in although he admitted he had as yet taken no disciplinary action against the responsible subordinate. Not only has he not taken such steps, but Mr. Grace testified that he had personally authorized a contribution of $10,000 from his company to Mr. Bardo's for its $140,000 "development" activities in Washington in connection with the four-day liner scheme of the Trans-Oceanic Company. Included in the list of expenditures of this fund were such "development" items as $24,000 for hotel bills in Washington, $6,000 to Ivy Lee, and advances to the president of the Trans-Oceanic Company, L. R. Wilder, amounting to $36,000, of which Mr. Wilder in turn related he had given Shearer $4,000 as an "artist in oils."

An amazing story. And yet this in substance is the tale unfolded under oath by these witnesses before the investigating committee. As if they had rehearsed it beforehand, these mighty figures of America's shipbuilding business, the builders of the nation's merchant marine and fighting craft, all on the witness stand strove to portray themselves, apparently to avoid a far blacker suspicion, in the roles of fools and victims. "I went along with the others," "I realize now it was a foolish thing to do," "a ridiculous idea": with such admissions they labored to gloss over their deliberate suppression of Shearer's employment over a period of three years.

Yet if they were innocent of any deeper purpose and unaware what Shearer did at Geneva, he at least had no doubt as to his mission, as his numerous boastful reports to them clearly disclose. And the record is not quite clear that they sent him abroad for so innocuous an intent as they would have one believe.

"You really did want something more than plain ob-

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serving done?" Senator Allen finally demanded of Mr. Palen after a lengthy cross-examination.

"Yes," he admitted.

Shearer's reports and letters and the testimony of Drew Pearson, an American correspondent who covered the conference, certainly prove that. Shearer went to Geneva, set up a luxurious establishment in an exclusive residential section, entertained lavishly, obtained from the correspondent of the New York *Daily News* and the Chicago *Tribune* credentials which admitted him to the press quarters, in the closest intimacy with the naval members of the American party issued voluminous daily press releases containing authoritative navy figures, and carried on a "poisonous" anti-British propaganda. And so pervasive and influential were his activities that he was hailed in the English and European press as having been "the man who broke up the conference," a title he himself modestly does not deny. All this he did on the $25,000 furnished him by the three shipbuilding corporations, while emphatically denying at that time that he represented them and while posing as the disinterested and unpaid representative of such patriotic societies as the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Native Sons of the Golden West.

The committee saw fit to give the shipbuilders the "break" on the story; to permit them to put out their alibi before the charge by their accuser had been laid against them. Its explanation is that it desired to develop the case in that way so as to make more effective the Shearer charges. The muddling and inconsequential examination of the witnesses by the chairman, Senator Shortridge, Republican from California, and the casual questions of Senator Allen, Republican from Kansas, certainly lend color to the widespread comment in Washington that they are not too anxious to carry on vigorously. The questioning throughout by the whole committee has been extremely haphazard and faulty. Senator Robinson, Democrat from Arkansas, alone displayed vigor and aggressiveness.

Yet even with this cart-before-the-horse sort of procedure the evidence is clear that Shearer had no doubt about what he had done for the shipbuilders or was to do for them, either in Washington or at Geneva. As he vociferously, if boastfully, related to them in scores of communications, reports, and conversations he had served them well and they had got "value received" for their large outlays. And when they got cruiser contracts and shipbuilding subsidies through the Jones-White merchant marine act he wanted at least his percentage. That they were not altogether surprised by his claims is sufficiently shown by their attitude toward his later letters to them—letters either not answered or, when replied to, admittedly written with advice from counsel.

The story of these secret machinations is tragic enough, but its greater significance is the danger to which the peace of the whole world is exposed by such business ethics. They are essentially no different from the operations of those international forgers who have been exposed in the past few years, the authors of the fraudulent Zinoviev letter, the Hearst Mexican documents, the forgeries that were brought to light last year in Germany alleging that Senators Norris and Borah were in the pay of the Communists.

Edward F. Grady, himself a legislative agent for the American Federation of Labor, declared several years ago that over 2,000 lobbyists were operating in Washington. He stated that he personally knew at least 100 lobbyists who received remunerations in excess of that received by the President of the United States—$75,000 a year. They are not all secretive or gumshoe, but there is no check or restraint. Unless they are asked or volunteer the information Congress and the press have no way of knowing who and what they represent. Shearer, secretly in the employ of the Newport News Shipbuilding Company at $500 a month and claiming $1,000, ranged the corridors of Congress and the office buildings last session while the fifteen-cruiser bill and the Jones-White act were under consideration, measures profoundly affecting the peace and prosperity of the American people.

Eruptions about lobbying are not new. The famous Mulhall investigation precipitated by President Wilson's charges against the tariff lobby is still remembered in the capital. Senator Watson, one of the central figures in that inquiry, is today majority floor leader and chief spokesman for the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill. Every session sees a demand for lobby curbing, yet not a line is to be found on the statute books. Last session the Senate passed a registering bill, only to have it pigeonholed by the Republican bosses of the House. Citizens have a right to be heard on legislation, but there must be some discrimination between legitimate representation and criminal and secret lobbying. Otherwise the whole lesson of the navy-lobby exposé will be lost, as have those of many other scandals in the past, and the country may well look forward to even more dangerous machinations.

The Climb

By GEOFFREY JOHNSON

Unbeaten still, and fighting all the way,
Through frozen irons of the earth I rose
Till a pale crocus fetterless I lay,
A purple shadow on the fainting snows.

Still climbing in the scale of life, I wore
At length the likeness of the patient ox,
Dragged the laborious plow of years, and bore
The goads of mockery, suns that split the rocks.

Still unrepulsed, my will attained to man
And wore his robe of flesh like Hercules,
And wrestling nobly with the pain that ran
Throughout it, passed in a great flaming breeze.

A flame, to flaming ramparts of the world
I sped; the raiment for the new elect
Swirled in the wind, like autumn foliage swirled,
And a voice cried: "For thy new life, select"—

Then I remembered how you still below
Faced the gray rain on memory summer hived:
I paused a moment at those robes aglow,
Then down I dived as never swallow dived.

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The College and Main Street

By E. C. WILM

IN the numerous recent attempts at college reform in the pages of the magazines a basic point has been usually overlooked, namely, that the college, like the church, is not a thing apart, a sort of temple shining on a hill, but represents a cross-section of the community. Therefore all hopes for any thoroughgoing reform of the college are likely to prove illusory until the society of which it is a part has itself undergone radical changes. Formerly a college education was for the few elect, whom a family tradition of culture and social prominence, or else an inherent ambition for knowledge and eminence, brought to the college campus. Today the college degree has become the objective of hundreds of thousands of high-school graduates whose main qualification in the majority of cases for a career of scholarship is the ability to pass a set of rather perfunctory high-school requirements and the financial ability of their parents to stand four additional years of economic non-productivity. The result is an enormous drop not only in student intelligence, but, what is at least equally essential, in the spirit and purpose of the youth making up our college population. In the words of one of them, doubtless somewhat exaggerated, the student body is made up of "soda clerks, newsboys, shoe salesmen's sons, and preachers' daughters. . . . The vast majority of us have never acquired reading habits or cultural background. . . . Culture is vague and foreign to the majority of us, brought up on Sunday comics, movies, and *Saturday Evening Posts,* in drab and smug middle-class homes."[1]

The result is what might have been anticipated. Both the matter and the manner of the college exercises are adapted to this mass of inert mediocrity, and the small minority of students whose thought is on anything beyond athletics, fraternities, and the social trivialities with which the week-ends are filled become indifferent and cynical, often losing whatever interest they may have had in intellectual pursuits. To be known as a scholar or a conscientious student is often a matter for reproach, and to cooperate in any way with the instructor is interpreted as an act of disloyalty to the student clan.

Nor is this all. Enough time has passed since college education became popular for disquieting numbers of this inferior type of student to have found their way into the faculty, with the result that it is often difficult to tell the younger member of the teaching staff, either by his manner, language, or attainments, or by any other sign, from any of the more robust and complacent of the undergraduates, or from his brothers in the Rotarian International. He is likely to be more familiar with the wisdom of Henry Ford or of Dr. Frank Crane than with the sentences of Montaigne or of Emerson, and books and the quality periodicals command a small part of his time and interest compared with the newspaper, the radio, the movie, and the motor car. Enter the average faculty house, and you will hardly find a picture or a book to distinguish it from any of the "drab and smug middle-class homes" from which the students themselves come. The refreshing candor of Mr. Graham deserves an equally honest confession on the part of the teaching staff that a disproportionate number of us too have enjoyed only the most slender intellectual and social advantages, and in spite of the usual college training supplemented by an all-too-brief period of graduate study, we have, like the students themselves, "never acquired reading habits or cultural background," or any mentionable fund of scholarly equipment of any kind. That the intellectual decline among the students of which we hear so much is equally marked in the faculty is shown by the fact that the better class academic functions in the college are all but ignored by faculty and students alike. In my own college, faculty as well as student attendance upon public college lectures, concerts, and the higher class dramatic performances has dropped almost to a zero point, the most important event of the year, from an academic point of view, the annual Greek play, going almost entirely unnoticed. Nevertheless, the football and basketball games, and the inevitable "pep" meetings are attended by practically the college as a whole, and a faculty bridge club, meeting regularly throughout the year, enjoys an attendance, I am told, of some thirty persons. These remarks are not made in special criticism of my own college, as similar conditions obtain, I believe, in nearly every college in the country. It is generally known that in many colleges the athletic coach is the highest paid "professor" in the place.

Turn through the textbooks produced in such a bewildering variety during the last decade or two, especially in history, sociology, philosophy, psychology, and education, and you will not fail to remark the almost complete absence of real intellectual distinction or of any superiority of taste or of style. If style is indeed the "ultimate morality of the mind," as Professor Whitehead has called it, these barren and wearisome divagations evince a mediocrity symptomatic of the present state of our educational institutions, and forecast a future of our national culture by no means reassuring. The traditional ideals of scholarship seem destined to give way more and more to a crude specialism associated with a type of "efficiency" whose melancholy connotations are familiar even to the most casual observation.

For these and similar reasons I see little help in the frequent suggestions for smaller colleges and smaller subdivisions, in order to counteract the evils of mass education of which so much has justly been said. There would be good hope of real training, many think, if the teaching force were increased sufficiently to penetrate the student body, so as to make a real contact between teacher and student. There is a certain grim humor in these suggestions. The device of engaging additional instructors and thus reducing the size of classes is likely to prove worse than useless unless the additional instructors are men of weight and of genuine teaching power. But this is unfortunately not always the case. What actually happens is illustrated by a case which recently came under my observation in which a course numbering about three hundred students under a man of national reputation was divided into three sections, of one hundred

[1] H. J. Graham, the *New Republic,* May 22, 1929, p. 15.

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each, two of the sections being handed over to youthful instructors, one of whom was only a year out of college.

The situation is obviously a difficult one, and the usual method of dealing with it is to limit the student's extra-curricular activities in such a way as to cause least interference with regular college exercises. The remedy, however, must strike deeper, because the cause lies deeper. People play in the absence of serious work, and there is good reason to believe that the college curriculum does not always furnish students with sufficient work to keep them healthfully employed. Investigations carried on in various parts of the country have shown that the time students put in in actual study is disreputably small. This is especially true in institutions where social and artificial motives for study prevail, rather than utilitarian and practical ones. It is a fact familiar to every observer that there are in every college and university courses in which the amount of study is practically negligible.

The two things that have probably done most to foster this condition are the lecture method of instruction and the elective system. The lecture method still has unique advantages in the hands of a skilful and forceful teacher. But when it degenerates into a mere dictation exercise it becomes an unholy bore and a veritable intellectual death-mask, smothering interest and the free play of thought. The lecture method leaves the mind idle both during and after the lecture, at least until the inevitable quiz, when, by dint of a rapid review of notebooks and tutorial assistance, the brain is plastered with the necessary ideas wherewith to pass the examinations.

The elective system competes strongly with the lecture method as a debilitating influence upon many students. No one, of course, wishes to return to the curriculum of an older day, with its single-gauge course of study for all students, irrespective of their tastes or capacities. The rapid multiplication of the sciences and arts and the great specialization of social functions have rendered the old system of complete prescription obsolete. Nevertheless, there are obvious difficulties inherent in the elective system which must be frankly recognized, and if possible solved.

The theory of the elective system is that it enables the student to choose the studies suited to his native genius and interests, with a view to his future vocation. Unfortunately, the student's genius often shines with an uncertain light; and actual experience shows that his choice of studies is determined to a large extent by a variety of considerations which have no discoverable relation to his native tastes or endowment, or to his future life-work; for example, exigencies of schedule, the reputation of the course as a "snap course," a vague romantic interest in subjects like sociology or philosophy, a desire for novelty, the wish to be in the same class with certain other students, and a number of other motives which are disillusioning to those who had expected the student at once to fall in with the lines of his natural genius and his future vocation.

President Lowell once voiced a somewhat general sentiment in favor of rehabilitating intellectual competition in the college with a view to increasing interest in studies. "By the free use of competition," he reminds us, "college athletics have beaten scholarship out of sight in the estimation of the community at large, and in the regard of the student bodies." I wish, however, to call attention to the fact that any plan to encourage competitions, whether through honor examinations, scholarship fraternities, and the like, will only aggravate some of the inherent difficulties of the elective system. In fact, fair competition is rendered well-nigh impossible under this system for the reason that college courses differ greatly in difficulty, and that we have at present no system of examining and grading which is sufficiently objective to make the results of the competition a true indication either of the character or the scholarship of the student entering into it. I have personally known students of feeble intellectual strength to make Phi Beta Kappa by carefully side-stepping every course which required genuine mental ability and continuous application, while other students of real mental energy and a conscientious regard for their own ultimate good failed of election because they chose the more solid studies and the more conscientious and exacting instructors. This is not an infrequent occurrence, but an extremely common one, especially in coeducational colleges, and in colleges where a large range of electives, including cultural, scientific, and practical studies, is freely offered.

I have pointed out what seem to me some of the graver problems the college will have to solve if it is to enjoy the respect of the better elements within the college itself and in the community. The means of dealing with them have already by implication been suggested, but they may be briefly summarized as follows:

1. The first requisite of a successful marriage, according to Keyserling, is to choose the right partner. The first step, likewise, in planning a successful college is to stiffen considerably the entrance requirements, admitting only such students as are qualified in intelligence and purpose to profit from a thorough college training. 2. Advance the salaries of professors to a point where they will attract men as able as any to be found in law, medicine, engineering, or invention. As a concrete basis, I suggest that a college of a thousand students should have on its staff at least ten men drawing a minimum salary of $12,000. 3. Abolish intercollegiate athletics and foster intra-mural sports and games for all students. 4. Abolish fraternities, allowing the social life of the institution to establish itself on the natural basis of existence obtaining outside the college walls. 5. Correlate the courses of study in a manner to avoid duplication, and to secure an orderly advance in knowledge and proficiency in the line of a self-chosen department of study. 6. Reduce free election to a minimum. 7. Abolish the traditional unit and marking system, which diverts the student's mind to an extraordinary degree from the matter of instruction itself, substituting therefor final examinations to be held by examining boards, preferably from outside the college teaching body, all degrees and diplomas to be awarded only on recommendation of such boards. 8. Abolish honorary degrees.

The subjects of which I have spoken are such as relate primarily to the inner life and administration of the college. There is a further issue of far-reaching importance for the future of the college, namely, its relation to certain practical and religious influences which have in the past affected its work in an illegitimate and injurious manner, and from which it will have to free itself, if it is to enjoy more than a perfunctory existence, rehearsing past knowledge and past prejudices, if it is to become a living force.

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Ella May's Songs

By MARGARET LARKIN

Charlotte, North Carolina, September 30

ELLA MAY WIGGINS died on September 14, shot through the heart on her way to a union meeting in Gastonia, North Carolina. The meeting was never held, for an armed mob turned back the workers and all possible speakers and killed Ella May. I want to tell the story of Ella May and the songs she used to sing at union meetings and in the tent colony of the strikers, during this bitter fight to organize the Southern textile workers.

I met Ella May three weeks before her death at a barbecue and "speaking" the workers were holding in the woods. She was a "sightly" woman, rather short and round, with bobbed brown hair and fine eyes. She was only twenty-nine years old, but Southern mill workers age early. Her face was lined with fine wrinkles; her cheeks were sunken, but her chin was firm and determined. She held the smallest of her five children in her arms and told me about herself.

"I'm the mother of nine," she said. "Four of them died with whooping cough, all at once. I was working nights and nobody to do for them only Myrtle. She's eleven and a sight of help. I asked the super to put me on day shift so's I could tend 'em, but he wouldn't. I don't know why. So I had to quit my job and then there wasn't any money for medicine, so they just died. I never could do anything for my children, not even to keep 'em alive, it seems. That's why I'm for the union, so's I can do better for them."

Ella May wrote what she called "Song Ballets" of the union and the strike. She had never had much schooling, for she went into the mills when she was very young, but she had a great fund of that native intelligence and feeling which is so common among these Southern workers. Besides this she had a tradition of song. The old mountain ballads, which had their roots in English balladry and which still flourish in strange, twisted versions among the remote hill folk, were a part of her heritage.

She had a clear, true tone in her untaught voice. She sang from the chest. Full throated, unmodulated, her voice rang out in the simple monotonous tunes. As she sang of the union, the strike, the leaders in jail, she observed the conventions of each tune carefully. In one song she would hold the last note of the line an extra measure. In another, where the old tune called for it, each line would end with an indescribable upward lift of the note, a kind of yip, like the little yelp with which cowboys vary their riding songs.

When this "furriner" first heard her sing

> Come and join the textyle union-un!
> Also the I. L. D.-ye!

I felt the astonished delight with which the collector of folk-songs always recognizes a new find. But the packed audience of five hundred workers standing close together in an oak grove heard Ella May's yips gravely. She sang with great seriousness, just as if she were making a union speech, "Come and join the I. L. D.-ye" in tones of fervent exhortation.

I. L. D., of course, stands for International Labor Defense, the organization which has been in charge of the legal defense of strikers, and particularly of the sixteen charged with the murder of Chief of Police O. F. Aderholt, killed on June 7 when he led a raid on the union tent colony. The admiration of the workers for the I. L. D., which can cope with the dreaded "laws," is unbounded and many have joined its ranks whether they belong to the union or not. Consequently all union sympathizers hereabouts have come to be known simply as "I. L. D.'s." Incredibly quaint to Northern ears this earnest refrain, "It will help you, fellow-workers, if you will join the I. L. D.-ye!"

As I began to get acquainted with workers in Gastonia and Charlotte I heard more "Song Ballets" which had been "'posed" by various poet-singers. At first I thought that they must be parodies of songs their authors knew. So I asked the singers to give me the original words in every case. I found that phrases from the originals or from other familiar ballads were sometimes incorporated into these, but that the heart of the song was always the author's own. In most of them the first stanza is borrowed directly, and suitable changes made. But this only gets the singer over the first hurdle—the "Come all you people if you want to hear" stanza—and with his audience gathered and his theme announced the poet branches into original composition.

Ella May's most popular song, "Chief Aderholt," is built on this plan. It is remarkable for its complete recital in a short space of the high points of the story. Better than a hundred speeches this song, in the ringing tune of "Floyd Collins," recalls to the people that fatal night, the reign of terror that followed it, the struggle, and the ultimate triumph of the union. As in every one of Ella May's songs, it also expresses her faith in the union as the only power she ever met that promised her a better life. "So we can wear good clothen and live in a better house":

> Come all of you good people and listen to what I tell;
> The story of Chief Aderholt, the man you all knew well.
> It was on one Friday evening, the seventh day of June,
> He went down to the union ground and met his fatal doom.
>
> They locked up our leaders, they put them in jail,
> They shoved them in prison, refused to give them bail.
> The workers joined together and this was their reply:
> We'll never, no we'll never let our leaders die.
>
> They moved the trial to Charlotte, got lawyers from every town,
> I'm sure we'll hear them speak again up on the union ground.
> While Vera she's in prison, Manville Jenckes in pain,
> Come join the textile union and show that you are game.
>
> We're going to have a union all over the South,
> Where we can wear good clothen and live in a better house.
> Now we must stand together and to the boss reply
> We'll never, no, we'll never let our leaders die.

It is curious to think how the little handful of organizers from the National Textile Workers Union have passed

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into legend already. Fred Beal, Vera Buch, George Pershing are names which will be heard for many years in the South.

While Vera she's in prison, Manville Jenckes in pain . . .
. . . . . .
Up in old Loray, on the sixth floor so high,
Where Beal and Pershing found us, ready to die.
. . . . . .
Let me sleep in your tent tonight, Beal,
For it's cold lying out on the ground.

The itinerant workers of the cotton mills are carrying these names and the story of the union in Gastonia into every section of the textile South. These songs that begin "Come all ye workers" and end "Let's stand together, workers, and have a union here" are destined to be the battle songs of the coming industrial struggle.

What propaganda could better describe the infamy of the bosses than this stirring ballad by eleven-year-old Odel Corley?

Come all you scabs if you want to hear
The story of a cruel millionaire.
Manville Jenckes was the millionaire's name,
He bought the law with his money and frame*
But he can't buy the union with his money and frame.

Told Violet Jones if she'd go back to work,
He'd buy her a new Ford and pay her well for her work.
They throwed rotten eggs at Vera and Beal on the stand,
They caught the man with the pistol in his hand,
Trying to shoot Beal on the speaking stand.

They took Beal to the Monroe jail,
They put him in a dirty cell,
But Beal and the strikers put up a darn good fight,
We'll make the bosses howl and hear old Manville say,
"It aint no use fighting the union this way."

And here is the heart of the problem "'posed" by Ella May with the revolutionary title of "The Big Fat Boss and the Workers."

The boss man wants our labor, and money to pack away,
The workers wants a union and the eight-hour day.

The boss man hates the workers, the workers hates the boss.
The boss man rides in a big fine car and the workers has to walk.

The boss man sleeps in a big fine bed and dreams of his silver and gold.
The workers sleeps in a old straw bed and shivers from the cold.

Fred Beal he is in prison a-sleeping on the floor,
But he will soon be free again and speak to us some more.

The union is a-growing, the I. L. D. is strong,
We're going to show the bosses that we have starved too long.

I tried to analyze the strange persuasiveness of these songs. Their curious mingling of old and new is the true reflection of the lives of the workers. Mountain people, with the habits of peasants, they are suddenly confronted with modern industrialism, a giant that sprang to life in the South full grown. Within their time the textile mills have been built. Mill agents searched them out on their poor, rocky farms. They learn to adjust their leisurely, disorderly life to the regimented order of the mill. They began to want things the people around them had. They took wage cuts; they felt the iron of the speed-up system. They found poverty in the midst of plenty more bitter than the communal poverty of the hills. Then a strike, and swift, brutal experience of a struggle with the boss and the "law." No wonder it all burst out in song, and that the songs bear that primitive beauty that taught poets seldom capture.

When Ella May was buried they sang one of the most beautiful of her songs. As many workers as could crowd into the battered old cars in which they go looking for work from one mill to another followed her body over the muddy red roads to the cemetery. Crowds of workers came through the cotton-fields on foot. Six members of her local union lifted her coffin. Three others spoke, local organizers who were just "hands" a few months ago. "You all knew our sister, Ella May. She was one of our best workers, and we'll feel her loss, I reckon. Her death is on Manville Jenckes and on North Carolina, too. She died for us and the union. We must go on fighting; we must get our union." They spoke words like these. Truly revolutionary words, bare of all ornament, full of earnestness and feeling.

The rain had drizzled down on the open grave. The startling red earth of this country was heaped up beside it. As they flung the first clods on Ella May's cheap casket, a friend began to sing her song—that song in which she had told why she believed so passionately in her union. At the head of her grave stood her five little children.

We leave our home in the morning,
We kiss our children goodby,
While we slave for the bosses
Our children scream and cry.

And when we draw our money
Our grocery bills to pay,
Not a cent to spend for clothing,
Not a cent to lay away.

And on that very evening,
Our little son will say:
"I need some shoes, dear mother,
And so does sister May."

How it grieves the heart of a mother,
You every one must know,
But we can't buy for our children,
Our wages are too low.

It is for our little children
That seems to us so dear,
But for us nor them, dear workers,
The bosses do not care.

But understand, all workers,
Our union they do fear,
Let's stand together, workers,
And have a union here.

* Frame-up.

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In the Driftway

"WASTE not, want not," said Benjamin Franklin, but although his wisdom is theoretically much reverenced in America, nobody in practice has ever paid the slightest attention to this particular adage. On the contrary, the philosophy upon which Americans act is that it doesn't matter how much runs away at the spigot so long as they keep the reservoir full. And it is fortunate for this thing called "prosperity" that such should be the case. For waste is the essence of modern industry, and if ever we seriously curtail it we shall kill the goose that lays the golden egg. Stuart Chase wrote a book a year or so ago called "The Tragedy of Waste." It is a good book, but the title is askew. Waste is no tragedy unless one conceives of our present industrial system as a failure. (It happens that the Drifter does, but as the great majority of his fellow-citizens do not, his viewpoint may be ignored.) The most sensible words on waste that the Drifter has seen in a long time appeared lately in the *Capital Journal* of Salem, Oregon:

> As saving is necessary for spending, so wasting is essential for production. It is not what is needed and necessary that operates our factories, but what is unneeded and unnecessary. Our industries would function but a fraction of their time if confined to necessities, and all would have as much leisure as primitive man, without his comfort, did not the waster absorb the surplus, create markets for the non-essentials, and so provide occupation for the masses. . . .
>
> Who keeps the auto, the radio, the tobacco, the cosmetic, the oil, the bootleg, and other great industries prosperous? Who but the waster who buys what he doesn't need and often cannot use? Times are good when everybody wastes and bad when tight-fisted thrift prevails.

* * * * *

THERE is an editor who knows what he is talking about. We love to chatter about efficiency in this country, but fortunately for business we do no more than chatter. If efficiency were a reality, its first consequence would be to knock the props out from under modern industry, which in essence is the most incredibly wasteful (and perhaps also the most unsatisfactory) system of supplying the material wants of the world that mankind has ever devised. No, the Drifter is not interested in the elimination of waste. Not that he is interested in "prosperity" either, but as long as it is our national ideal the Drifter would rather see it going 100 per cent, as in America, than only about 50 per cent, as in Great Britain. If the Drifter had any confidence that (without abolishing the profits system) less waste would give the mass of the people more effective leisure, he would be for it. But he can see no evidence for such belief. The theory that we are progressively gaining more leisure is an illusion whose only support rests on figures showing that working hours in various industries have been growing less. But we forget that work has also been growing more intense and that greater fatigue largely offsets our larger amount of spare time. We forget also that modern workers frequently have to live at a distance from their place of employment and waste much time and strength in getting back and forth. And finally we forget that a vast number of extra activities have grown up in connection with our work and our material existence which absorb so much time that it would be hard to prove that the great majority of Americans have any more—if as much—effective leisure as they had a hundred years ago.

* * * * *

RATHER sadly the Drifter calls to his support certain sentences from the report of Mr. Hoover's Committee on Recent Economic Changes in the United States, where it is written that after the World War "It began to be recognized not only that leisure is 'consumable,' but that people cannot 'consume' leisure without consuming goods and services, and that leisure that results from an increased man-hour productivity helps to create new needs and new and broader markets." And furthermore "there are new wants which will make way endlessly for newer wants, as fast as they are satisfied."

* * * * *

A CHARMING vista, is it not? And with that in mind the Drifter is for going the whole hog. As long as we are satisfied to continue our present industrial system, by all means let us be as wasteful and prosperous as possible.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Long Skirts?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It was gratifying to feminine vanity—for the moment—when a recent issue of *The Nation* set women up as a good example to men in the matter of dress reform, showing how we had attained light, loose, attenuated, and unencumbering garb while men still sweltered through the hot season in heavy woolens of ancient tradition. Unfortunately the gratification is short-lived, and the victory of common sense over habit, which it represented, is doomed to defeat, if the women now allow themselves to be once more swaddled in long skirts for the benefit of the pockets of manufacturers and style dictators. The prophecy from this latter source to the effect that within the year women will be wearing ankle-length skirts seems just a bit too arrogant to be left unchallenged by any fair-minded believer in freedom, male or female. Would we passively give up the vote, or any other rights finally obtained after long struggles? Then why give up the comfort, economy, and freedom of movement which the short skirt has meant to us?

There is a general murmur of dissent among women over the new fashion forecasts, yet few have the courage to stand out as individuals against the mode. Many business women—and they are the group most benefited by the short skirt—cannot afford to look unfashionable for fear of losing their jobs. Among the many women's social clubs and business organizations which have stood for progress and become a recognized force in social development there surely must be some capable of rising to the emergency of our threatened freedom and organizing a movement against the long skirt, or at least passing resolutions to boycott it. For such a movement there are innumerable backers only waiting a chance to become articulate and to make the term "American independence" mean something a little more concrete to the average woman.

Scarsdale, New York, September 21 LUCIE R. SAYLER

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Incompetent Teachers

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As head of a department in a teacher-training institution my task is helping to prepare teachers for the elementary schools. These teachers make up 60 per cent of those who answered Professor Manly H. Harper's questionnaire, which you commented upon in the issue of *The Nation* of July 24.

When you say "they [teachers] are in the main inconsistent, muddle-headed, willing to ignore facts, ignorant of the progress of history and science, and completely subservient to constituted authority" you make a statement which, in my opinion, is absolutely true of the large majority, the 60 per cent. Why may we apply these harsh adjectives to the elementary school-teacher? The answer to this question may be found, in part, if we consider the sort of person who becomes an elementary school-teacher and review a few characteristics of the professional training of elementary teachers.

At the institution where I am employed the typical entrant is a girl seventeen years old, rather frail in physique, mediocre in intelligence, and lacking in social adjustment. She has graduated from a small high school, her knowledge of subject matter is rudimentary and scrappy. She is not sure of the difference between except and accept and she says "he don't." She has been born and brought up on a farm. Her life has been economically insecure and intellectually sterile. The livelihood of the farmer and his family is at the mercy of frosts, pests, and markets. Real money is a novelty. The yearning of a girl (and boy, too,) under such circumstances is for escape from this economic uncertainty. Going to normal school offers the desired escape. At the end of the three-year course, tuition and books free, lies a teaching position—$1,200 a year! No more drudgery, no more privation, no more debt. So this girl thinks and so her family think. Sending their daughter to normal school is often the vicarious satisfaction of the parents' thwarted ambitions and social longings. In many cases the family regard such a course for their daughter as an investment from which they expect (and usually get) some financial return.

The consuming desire for economic and social security and the fear of failing to attain it lead to almost unbelievable submissiveness in these students preparing to be teachers. Unreasonable academic demands, courses with antiquated content or devoid of intellectual substance, even personal indignities, will be "swallowed" lest protest, independent thinking, or complaints imperil the chances of getting a job. Such submissiveness in students invites pompousness and bullying in some of the teachers on the normal-school faculty; hence develops a vicious circle. Further consequences of this situation are an exaggerated emphasis on personal relations between students and faculty members, politics, and flattery. The places of honor in student organizations go to those students who have stood closest to the faculty advisers, and have been most "helpful and cooperative," i.e., most submissive. Recommendations for a teaching position, when not based on personal appearance, are based largely on this "helpfulness."

After graduation a few students gain their intellectual and social equilibrium but the habits of submissiveness, of order-seeking, are so deeply incised in most of them that when they become teachers in the field they keep on thinking "helpfully," as Professor Harper has revealed in his questionnaire. Here we see one of the interesting paradoxes of American life: we "intrust the task of making better citizens out of our children than we have been" to young girls, many of whom are economically, socially, and intellectually inferior to the children they are teaching.

What is the cause of this situation? some one may ask. The cause is not educational primarily, it is essentially economic. As long as economic insecurity characterizes elementary school-teaching, just so long will teachers be recruited from the ranks of the followers, the yes people, the self-seekers. "I'll do anything, think anything, believe anything," pleads the teacher, silently and sometimes orally, "only don't fire me." As long as the dominant emotion of a teacher is fear of losing her job, fear of a return to drudgery and privation for herself and members of her family which might result from losing her job, so long will she be "inconsistent, muddle-headed, willing to ignore facts, ignorant of the progress of history and science, and completely subservient to constituted authority."

New York, July 26 Walter H. Galloway

For Thomas

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the four years since I have been voting I have become addicted to the worst kind of ticket "scratching." Communist and Tammany, Republicans and Socialists, all have at some time or other got my vote. The current municipal campaign in New York, however, has given me the desire to vote a straight party ticket, the Socialist ticket. I am what is known as a "*Nation* liberal," and among the thousands of others like me in New York there are many who probably feel as I do. The 1929 La Guardia is no better than Walker, so why not vote for Thomas? Let all of the liberal Democrats and liberal Republicans get together and form a non-partisan Thomas Committee. Anything that can be done in that direction will command widespread support.

New York, September 9 Bernard Postal

Conservatism and the Classics

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Education deserves better treatment by *The Nation* than your schoolmarm's article. Why is *The Nation* so reactionary when it comes to this topic?

I do not at all mean to imply that the schools should not be criticized. They are practically worthless from the point of view of what I thought *The Nation* wanted: a more intelligent view of public affairs, a democracy in reality, a freedom of speech that does not imply speech without action that might count for something, a respect for individuals that goes beyond the present kotowing to successful go-getters. But I have been much too complimentary. For what does your schoolmarm want? Scholarship! Culture! The classics and a strict mastery of facts. That superintendents make fools of themselves in talking about democracy, or anything else for that matter, is known by the veriest child. Still *The Nation* has implied at times that a democracy in fact would not be undesirable, but a return to the classics, Mr. Fadiman's culture, is reactionary and unrealistic. If *The Nation* wants to talk about the schools, let it talk from the point of view of the light they fail to throw on any of the problems which *The Nation* has grappled with. Your classically educated Bostonians were the ones who decided the fate of Sacco and Vanzetti.

Detroit, Michigan, August 26 Ethan E. Edloff

***The Nation* Radio Hour—Every Monday at 8 P. M.**
526M.—WMCA—750 K.
October 7—Paul Blanshard

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Books, Music, Drama

Stable Boy

By BERT COOKSLEY

His eyes are cool, his mouth is wide,
  His hands the rose's red,
And no thing in his heart has died
  For want of Beauty fed.

His stalls are scrubbed, his troughs are sweet,
  His mares are satin bound
And wait his nearing step, and greet
  Him with a gentle sound.

The champ of teeth and smell of hay,
  The leather on its nails,
The stamp of hoofs, the broken neigh,
  The clunk of feeding pails—

These are his Beauty—dear and young
  And loved within his home;
Robed in a halter, crowned in dung,
  Her wand a curry-comb.

White Knight

By EARL D. TODD

He lived as one who heard strange music played,
Sonorous, resonant, yet far away,
And neither faltered nor was ever swayed
By any little clamor of the day.
And we were troubled when he walked too near;
We kept quite still, remembering the tale
Of one who being stainless knew no fear
Of evil things to bar him from the Grail.

We were of earth and took the earth's delight.
We ate and drank and sinned; we neither heard
God's hungry children calling through the night
Nor for the black sheep's victim had a word.
He lived a prayer, and we grew big with pride;
There was a world of weeping when he died.

The Permanence of Marriage

Marriage. By Edward Westermarck. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $1.50.

What Is Right with Marriage. By Robert C. and Frances Williams Binkley. D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

IN the first of these books the veteran historian of marriage takes a few more than a hundred pages of masterful summary to state the results of his study; in the second a young college instructor and his wife collaborate upon a theory designed to explain why matrimony continues to be a desirable institution.

Professor Westermarck is, of course, concerned primarily with what may be called the morphology of marriage. He describes for us the forms which it has assumed at different times, and his attitude is primarily that of a man too familiar with the infinite variety of custom to risk the deduction of an imperative. Among the Wapokomo, for example, too early marriage is prevented by the rule that a man may not take a wife until he has killed a crocodile; among certain tribes in Southeastern Asia he must prove himself a man by acquiring at least one human head. These customs have proved themselves good because they have existed, and as for us, we have our own. If they are not always reasonable, why, reasonableness is not usually the most striking characteristic of the *mores* of any people.

The Binkleys are, on the other hand, very much concerned with the question of what we ought to do. They have not only read the classical treatments of their subject, but they are sufficiently up to date to cite both Dr. Hamilton's recent study and the imaginary experiences recorded in Miss Delmar's "Bad Girl." Married and convinced that, for them at least, marriage is good, they feel the need to defend this conviction against the innumerable criticisms of the institution. There must be, they argue, something right as well as a good many things wrong with marriage.

Obviously, they say, no individual ever took a wife merely because he was convinced of the social or biological usefulness of the family. A man is not, for example, very likely to become a father for no reason except a realization of his duty to continue the human race, though he may very likely want to beget a child of his own. To say this is to say that the thing right with marriage must be something which concerns the individual. In order to explain what it is, our authors develop a conception of the "domestic man" which they put alongside those familiar abstractions—the economic, the political, and the biological man. This *homo domesticus* is not the creature whose actions are motivated exclusively by his desire for food and warmth, neither is he the creature who responds to nothing except biological urges. He is an organism which demands, in addition to security and sexual satisfaction, a kind of personal and non-transferable relation which depends upon what they call a "paramount loyalty" felt toward a particular person not himself. Marriage continues to be useful (despite the fact that many of the ends which it once served can now be attained without it) chiefly because marriage provides the most favorable conditions for the expression of this "paramount loyalty"; and an individual marriage may be said to have failed, not when it is childless or when one or both of the parties have been sexually unfaithful, but only when one or the other has ceased to feel more loyal to the other than to any other person.

Now, elaborate and cumbersome as the machinery of this theory seems even when lightened by the humor and intelligence of its propounders, it is only on the basis of some such assumption as the one which it makes that the belief in the permanence of the institution of marriage can be based. Economic security, sexual satisfaction, and even parenthood are nowadays to be had by both men and women outside of marriage. Neither the economic, the biological, nor the political man is any longer forced to marry, since his needs can be satisfied outside the institution and since the social pressure directed against those who violate the particular set of taboos surrounding it is obviously on the wane. Only the *homo domesticus* (if he exists) needs matrimony.

The one conclusion which Professor Westermarck draws and which he here expresses in words very nearly identical with those which he formerly used to conclude his monumental work is one which implies very much the same thing. "If," he says, "the main thesis of this little book is correct, if mar-

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riage is not an artificial creation but an institution based on deep-rooted sentiments, conjugal and paternal, it will last as long as these sentiments last. And should they ever cease to exist, no laws in the world could save marriage from destruction." Although to say that may seem at first sight to say no more than that what will happen will happen, much can actually be deduced from the wise words. If they were properly digested they ought, for example, to disabuse a considerable part of mankind of the strange idea that anything useful is accomplished by stringent divorce laws. No one ever heard of attempting to meet the menace of tuberculosis by closing all the sanitariums or of combating typhoid fever by forbidding the doctors to treat it.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Hogarth's Rake

Berrington, or Two Hundred Years Ago. By Sir Edward Abbott Parry. William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

IN June, 1735, Hogarth published his series of engravings known as "A Rake's Progress." Following his custom of inserting portraits of contemporaries into his scenes, he used, for the hero of this group, the likeness of one Nic Berrington, at the moment the most notorious beau of the West End, a man who in turn had been protege of the infamous Jonathan Wild, pickpocket, highwayman, blackmailer, gambler, and adventurer at the court of Caroline, Princess of Wales. A man better known, more completely the epitome of his age, or more representative of the obvious pursuits of the eighteenth century the artist could not have chosen. Yet the pictures tell only half the tale; the end is as unexpected as the beginning is natural, for Nic Berrington, bankrupt but indomitable, married a Baptist, migrated to Georgia with Oglethorpe, and became one of the founders of a new nation.

Sir Edward Parry in his biography, which contains merely the English episodes, has laid a banquet not only for addicts to the eighteenth century but for all who favor excitement, romance, and adventure. It matters little that some of the delicacies are neither verified experiences in Berrington's life nor new to the general reader; that hanging at Tyburn, cuddling at Bartholomew Fair, and thieving along Cheapside are familiar to those who know Gay, Defoe, and Hogarth; because no recent historical novel of the times offers such variety or serves it with such seasoning. A Jacobean street-bully spits thrice in the face of a Hanoverian princess, an "Established" mob burns a "Dissenter" chapel, a condemned bishop extends his ring to the faithful only to have a clever hussy steal it. Not one class but all classes, from the smuggler-farmers through the respectable glovemakers and lawyers to the rouged courtiers, are mingled and revealed. The whole dazzling age is encompassed in one man's life and is made into a composite picture that is convincing because the bare facts are more amazing than any fabrication.

That such phrases as "good Queen Anne" and "honest English laughter" appear at first to be affectations and later pass unnoticed is adequate evidence of the success of the author's pseudo-heroic style, and of the balance maintained between subject and method. Incidents multiply with rapidity, characters appear and disappear only to reappear unexpectedly, pathos succeeds melodrama, farce gives way to tragedy. But Sir Edward does not satirize; he is amused by his hero, one moment a princess's escort, the next a prisoner on a boat bound for Virginia; he takes delight in describing a generation which sought excitation behind a mask whether on the highway or at a ball, and he has sympathy for the last truly riotous Englishmen before evangelism and romanticism paved the long, narrow road of Victorianism.

FLORENCE CODMAN

The Tariff Grab

The Tariff on Iron and Steel. By Abraham Berglund and Philip G. Wright. Washington: The Institute of Economics of The Brookings Institution. $3.

IN these uncertain days of tariffs and rumors of tariffs, when the senatorial and editorial protagonists and opponents of the new tariff bill are giving the lie to each other through clenched teeth and the public patiently hopes for the best, this new study is most timely. Dispassionate in tone and judicious in temper, the book throws a flood of light over the industry which comes first to the minds of most people whenever the word protection is mentioned.

The authors had prepared their study before the new tariff bill was introduced. They do not, therefore, give explicit consideration to the iron and steel schedules contained in the measure which is now before Congress. Yet from the fundamentals of metallurgy and economic geography, through the technical processes of iron and steel production to the contemporary trends of output and sales, they bring to a focus most of the facts on which a tariff policy for iron and steel should be based. The tariff on iron and steel is not one problem. There is a wide variety of iron and steel materials and of products in various stages of manufacture, each of which possesses commercial characteristics as peculiar to itself as are its chemical properties. Proceeding inductively and without regard to Ricardian generalities, each problem is studied in its own terms.

The simplest case is that of pig iron. The United States produces slightly more than half of the world's output. During recent years the European export price has been consistently lower than the domestic price in this country. Since 1922, there has been an annual excess of imports over exports, although in no year have the imports amounted to as much as 2 per cent of the domestic output. The relatively low importation of this material is not due to the present duty of seventy-five cents a ton. The reasons are to be found rather in the cost of transportation to this country, and in the fact that tremendous economies are effected in steel plants by conveying pig iron directly from the blast furnaces to the converters or open-hearth furnaces without permitting it to harden into pigs. The paradoxical character of a tariff on pig iron is further demonstrated by the fact that an excess of exports of this material existed throughout the period of no protection which terminated with the tariff act of 1922.

The American prices of rails, steel ingots, castings, and tonnage products of all kinds have remained consistently higher than those of corresponding European products. In spite of this condition, production in this country has increased steadily, reaching its peak during the current year. In all of these classes exports have been greatly in excess of imports notwithstanding the relatively high domestic prices. One conclusion which may be drawn from available data is that price comparisons are worthless in determining tariff rates. There is no apparent relationship between prices and costs. In an industry so strongly affected by overhead costs, "dumping" is a common expedient. And even if adequate cost data are secured (which is not probable) tariff-making is further complicated by the problem of selection among the various costs. Shall we, for example, in calculating the costs, assume that coke is made in beehive ovens or in by-product ovens? Should the Bessemer or the open-hearth method be accepted as basic? An implicit but unavoidable conclusion from the present study is that steel prices in the United States are determined more by what the traffic will bear than by costs of production. Years ago Professor H. L. Moore demonstrated that steel prices are low

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when production is low and high when production is large. The present study offers further testimony to the strategic strength of the steel manufacturers.

Our position in the production of the ferro-alloys is distinctly less favorable. With the single exception of molybdenum, the domestic ores of these materials are of lower grade than those produced in other parts of the world, and the economies of large-scale operation—which are of primary importance to our manufacture of ordinary classes of iron and steel—do not apply to the processing of these materials. With reference to the tariff, however, it should be recognized that the ferro-alloys are raw materials which are used in the manufacture of special grades of steel, and that the protection of our inferior ores constitutes a heavy burden to the manufacture of these grades. How great this burden is may be inferred from the present duty on ferrotungsten of forty-five cents per pound of tungsten content. The Hawley bill would raise this rate to fifty cents. It is possible that the recent acquisition of large supplies of Russian manganese by the United States Steel Corporation and the Bethlehem Steel Company may be prophetic of a change in tariff policy toward the ferro-alloys.

This book makes an impregnable case against the tariff act of 1922. Its significance for the Hawley bill is unquestionable. HORACE TAYLOR

A King and His Colony

Léopold of the Belgians. By Comte Louis de Lichtervelde. Translated by Thomas H. Reed and H. Russell Reed. The Century Company. $4.

THE chief reason, the translators tell us, for offering this book in English dress is that it corrects the impression, particularly current in this country and England, that Leopold II was only "a picturesque old man with an enormous beard, whose love affairs and African exploitations made 'news' a quarter of a century ago." The love affairs and the beard do not figure prominently in Count de Lichtervelde's narrative, but Africa does, and it is by the treatment of that episode that the value of the book may in large part be judged.

Leopold was early possessed by the idea that "Belgium must have a colony." In 1869, four years after he became king, he cast a glance at the Philippines, and after the Franco-Prussian War looked over the Spanish possessions in the West Indies and studied the openings for European penetration in China. The opportunity came in Africa, not yet partitioned among the European Powers and much in the public eye in the seventies because of Stanley's expedition in search of Livingstone. The humanitarian interest in the abolition of slavery which showed itself at the beginning was not wholly a smoke-screen for political ambition; but in 1877, after Stanley had reached the mouth of the Congo by crossing the continent from east to west, Stanley and Leopold joined hands and the work of political and economic exploitation went rapidly forward.

The evolution of the Congo project, of which Count de Lichtervelde gives a commendably clear account, eventually transformed what began as a personal adventure of Leopold, with the aid of international bankers, into a national enterprise, although the differentiation does not appear ever to have become so complete as to save Leopold from widespread and severe personal criticism on financial as well as administrative grounds. When it comes to the treatment of the natives, however, Count de Lichtervelde is a partisan and an apologist. He admits, of course, that under the decree of September 21, 1891, reserving to the state the ivory and rubber produced on the public lands, the natives "were made to pay the impost in kind" and that this "led in practice to the installation of forced labor." Sir Roger Casement and E. D. Morel (the latter appearing in text and index as Ed. Morel) are represented, however, as the "professional leaders" of the agitation which called attention widely to the Congo atrocities; it is noted as "a curious thing" that "these valorous defenders of the black race showed a perfect indifference to the abuses which debauched all the other colonies of the world"; and their "interested motives," the Count declares, "it is impossible since the war to deny." On the question of maladministration Count de Lichtervelde is less prejudiced, and while his account of the finances of the Congo enterprise leaves much to be desired in matters of detail, it makes reasonably clear the grounds of the open hostility which Leopold had to contend with in Belgium as well as elsewhere.

The rest of the book offers a readable sketch, prevailingly laudatory, of Leopold's efforts to improve the defenses of Belgium, his experiences with the Liberal and Catholic parties, his relations with his ministers, his elaborate building programs, and his generous use of his wealth. Leopold's last years were bitter enough. "He was vilified in Parliament, in the press, in public meetings, and the masses, if they admired him, certainly did not love him." He died in peace, but abuse followed him. The religious ceremony at his funeral was "one of incomparable majesty," but outside the church "the procession lacked dignity," and "to tell the truth the citizens were not mourning at heart." A section of the press busied itself with the occupants of a nearby villa where lived the King's mistress, "peddlers sold filthy papers even in the neighborhood of the Palace and along the route of the funeral procession, and no wave of public indignation resented these supreme insults." The ivory and rubber of the Congo had come high. WILLIAM MACDONALD

Books in Brief

A Girl in Soviet Russia. By Andrée Viollis. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $2.50.

This book is a jolly and colorful piece of reporting. The author, a Frenchwoman, wandered about the Soviet Union for three months, and she describes with humor and imagination and fine human feeling her adventures and observations in the cities and villages. In her modest foreword she points out that her narrative is merely a reporter's account, perhaps not always "deeply accurate" but at least impartial. This merit, unusual in descriptive volumes about the new Russia, the book may justly claim. It is unfortunate that the publication of the American translation was so long delayed. The statistical material given is now three years old. Despite this serious handicap the book gives a well-rounded picture of the Soviet scene.

Deep Song. Adventures with Gypsy Songs and Singers in Andalusia and Other Lands, with Original Translations. By Irving Brown. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

Mr. Brown in other books has written of the gipsies in America whom he knows both by experience and by scholarship. He goes now to Spain for the texts, and in some cases the tunes, of gipsy popular songs. His translations of several hundreds of these are of genuine value, as are the appendices wherein he tells us how—short of a visit as delightful as his own—we may make the acquaintance of this world.

Jacob H. Schiff: His Life and Letters. By Cyrus Adler. Two volumes. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $10.

Although more than eighty thousand public and private letters were at his disposal Dr. Adler offers us only the most barren and superficial account of an interesting and powerful personality. The financial transactions in which Schiff participated are inadequately explained, the part he played behind

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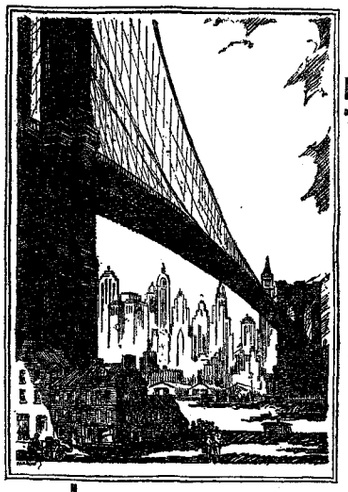

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the political scenes barely hinted at, and the romance and difficulties of his position as a pioneering Jewish figure in Wall Street are not even indicated.

A Man Scans His Past. By M. Constantin-Weyer. Translated from the French by Slater Brown. The Macaulay Company. $2.50.

Across the interval of war and post-war peace a Frenchman looks back upon the twelve years of his life that he spent in the Canadian Northwest. With his vivid but appraising Gallic pen M. Constantin-Weyer has written a hardy romance, a tale of the great open spaces refreshingly unencumbered by either exaggerated deeds or sentiments, a story in which the pitiless struggle of frontier and frontiersman is allowed to play its drama without recourse to theatrical invention. "A Man Scans His Past" is to be recommended as a virile, finely written narrative and as a revealing study of the Latin tradition transplanted to colonial soil.

The International Aspects of Electrical Communications in the Pacific Area. By Leslie Bennett Tribolet. The Johns Hopkins Press. $2.50.

The United States was late in looking for cables, and Britain still holds a virtual monopoly of subsea lines in the Pacific; in the radio field, too, American capital has had to fight a constant battle against British. In China a new era will dawn when the British monopolies expire, at the end of 1930; perhaps the solution will be such a joint agreement as that by which an Anglo-French-German-American consortium peacefully controls the radio business in South America. Ultimately such consortiums may have to face native resentment of alien control; immediately they safeguard the peace of the world. Mr. Tribolet, who was attached to the American delegation at the Radio conference in Washington in 1927, in this doctoral dissertation gives a straightforward history of the long controversies. His point of view is occasionally a little emotionally Yankee.

Music

The Viennese Audience

"WE Germans," said the widow of a well-known music historian proudly, "do not need Debussy; we have Schubert and Beethoven"; or—to bring the argument up to date—Reger, Mahler, and Pfitzner, who also make Debussy superfluous. And this because, in the words of a Viennese musician, *"We* do not merely listen to the sounds and effects; we ask how do the chords move, what are the rhythms, how goes the counterpoint." For the German, that is, music is sweaty: the technical complexities, however sterile, of Reger, or the technical virtuosity, however impotent, of the Strauss of today. The German does not observe as a critic what Reger does not observe as a composer—"the difference," as Professor Tovey has put it, "between analytical theory and the practical conditions of creative work"; he is a pedant who has yet to learn that one does better merely to listen to the effects than merely to ask how goes the counterpoint. But this pedantry makes him, in his own eyes, the most understanding of listeners. He reasons also that music is a racial product, therefore that German music can be understood only by Germans as French music can be understood only by Frenchmen. Nor can the traditions of its performance be acquired by musicians of other races, so that only in Germany does it sound as it should.

Now the Viennese simply carries this nonsense a step further: the music, the traditions, are not German but Vien-

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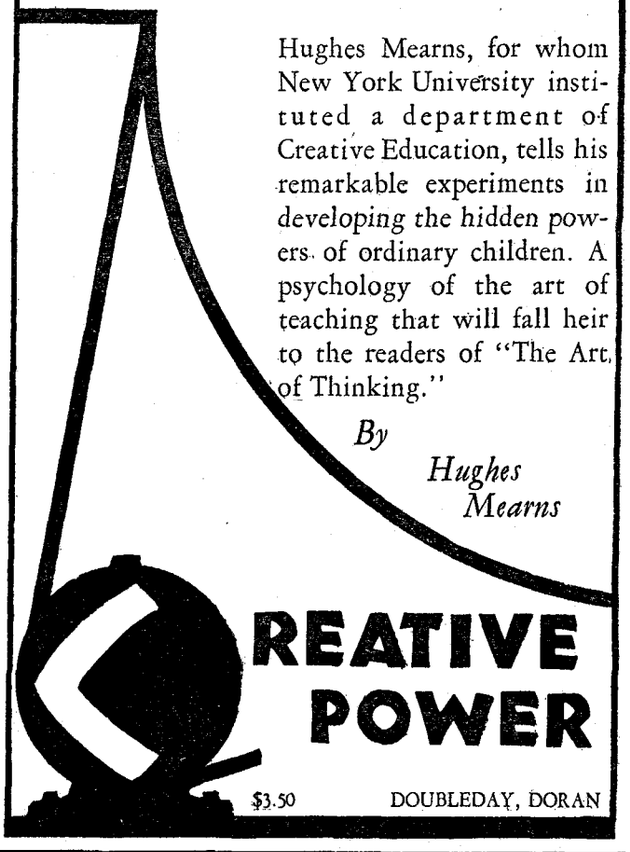

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nese; hence even Furtwängler fails with Bruckner, and the Adolf Busch Quartet with Schubert; good German singers develop into great German singers when they come to the Vienna Opera; Furtwängler achieves his most successful performances with the Vienna, not with the Berlin Philharmonic; this orchestra has not the tone even of the Vienna Symphony and gets only a pat on the head for its discipline (a quality which the Viennese affects to despise as Prussian and as one which robs the *interpretation* of plasticity). Hence, also, when the Viennese madly applauds a third-rate singer at the Opera or the dry, scratchy, pedantic Rosé Quartet, it may be that sheer love of music makes him uncritical, or that he is demonstrating how very critical he is, and that music has mysteries which are revealed only to Viennese performers and listeners—to whom one must add Viennese critics, whose ability to make small things appear big and simple things complicated is at times stupefying.

The Viennese, then, will not understand that what he had to teach has been learned; he will have it that he is still holding the torch, that the war which impoverished and humiliated him could not take away supremacy in the things that matter most—culture, manners, beauty and charm of women. His attitude is that of the impoverished aristocrat toward the *nouveau riche* whom he formerly looked down upon, particularly toward the German, to whom he always felt superior and who has come out of the war better off than he. Today the Viennese finds it easier to be just to the Milan Scala company than to the Berlin Philharmonic.

The prevailing notion of America is that it has the money to command talent, but is not able really to appreciate it. A few Viennese, very conscious of their breadth of mind, concede that high standards and genuine understanding exist in America; but they expect Americans to concede that Viennese standards and understanding are superior to all. This an American who has come to Vienna to study will naturally do; and this done, his discernment is praised and he is flattered out of his senses. As a result, a more critical attitude encounters first amazement and then anger. When an American—in what he is reminded is the best musical society in Vienna—criticizes Furtwängler's performances he is asked literally what he knows about it. When he characterizes the Viennese attitude toward the music Vienna does not hear or the American orchestras it has not heard as arrogant, he is told that as a visitor he is arrogant in presuming to judge Vienna's music or its Philharmonic even after hearing them, and that he will learn better when he has lived in the city long enough. As voices grow louder the quiet confident arrogance of the beginning becomes angry and personally offensive: what he considered the finest performances at the Opera, those of Mozart and "Tristan" under Strauss, are characterized as "the worst, of course"; he is told the place for his taste is Berlin; he is asked to say on his honor whether he came to Vienna prejudiced; his word to the contrary is doubted at first; meanwhile the actual arguments are an affront to his intelligence. Not that he is argued with; he is simply told: for one thing that on racial grounds French music must be foreign to the Viennese—which is bad anthropology; and that therefore only the Americans, with no music of their own, can be musical internationalists—which is bad logic. Also, that he may not judge Reger without having studied the scores a few years—which is silly enough; but when he points out that he had not found this necessary for Beethoven, he is told that in his own lifetime Beethoven almost starved because his music was not understood—which is bad history. He is told not only nonsense, but contradictory nonsense, what with the necessity of being annihilated at every point: when he says that the Viennese get an inadequate idea of Debussy or Bloch from the performances they hear he is told that performance cannot obscure the quality

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of music; when he points out that America, on the contrary, has got its idea of Bruckner from Furtwängler, among others, he is told one does not hear the authentic Bruckner from Furtwängler.

Curiously enough, when the battle is over it appears that Furtwängler, since his American visits, has *not* been quite the same; that the Vienna Philharmonic *is* overworked; and so on. These, apparently, are things which the Viennese may admit among themselves, but which an American should not notice and has no right to speak of. B. H. HAGGIN

Drama

A New Comedy

ALL who go much to the theater soon develop a sixth sense through which they become aware of the mood of the spectators. Neither laughter nor applause, grossly audible though they are, always mean as much as they seem to mean, but the effluvium which arises from a happy audience is unmistakable.

It is a pleasant thing, this odor of success, and not for many months has it hung so heavily over any auditorium as it did the other evening when "Strictly Dishonorable" (Avon Theater) was revealed to the public. Hardly had the curtain arisen before there faded from the assembled faces that air of resigned dubiety with which the unknown is generally awaited in the theater, and by the time the first act was drawing to its conclusion a perfect rapport had been established between the stage and the pit. Here was a quiet little comedy written in a language and conceived in a spirit exactly suited to the mood of those who were witnessing it. Communication was established instantaneously; it seemed precisely the thing for which the auditors, without being quite aware of the fact, had been waiting. They went half-way—more than half-way—to meet it. They took it on their laps. They hugged it to their bosoms. And the author, a certain Mr. Preston Sturges who was responsible last season for one not very successful play, should be a happy man.

The action of the piece takes place in a speakeasy and, later, in an apartment just overhead. The chief characters are a bibulous judge, an Italian tenor, and a little girl from Mississippi who finds herself stranded in this unfamiliar environment. But none of these facts is sufficient to convey any hint of the charm of the play, for to get that one must imagine a dialogue bubbling with shrewd humor and an almost faultlessly directed performance sponsored by Brock Pemberton. One must imagine, besides, a general atmosphere at least as knowing as that which characterizes the work of the very best Broadway playwrights, together with all the evidences of a refinement and sophistication such as only a very few (Philip Barry and S. W. Behrman, for example) have exhibited. If one can imagine all that, one will begin to get some idea of the reason for the enthusiasm of an audience weary of the noisy vulgarity of the usual American comedy but quite properly delighted to see an aspect of contemporary life so expertly treated.

"Strictly Dishonorable" is, to be sure, slight enough. Obviously it is no eternal masterpiece to go triumphantly down the ages. One must, moreover, confess that the plot, though very smoothly developed, is not as original as the treatment which it is given. But to me at least the play seems evidence of the fact that a native comedy of manners is at last developing in our theater; that what may be called the classical tradition of such comedy is merging with the tradition of the indigenous

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popular drama to produce something which will, sooner or later, be worthy to be put beside the really great specimens of the genre.

Hitherto the two tendencies—toward "polite" comedy and toward the exploitation of the most characteristic aspects of the contemporary scene—have been for the most part quite independent of one another. From the days of Charles Hoyt, through those of George Cohan, and down to the present of Philip Dunning et al., the writers who have best caught the superficial gestures of our civilization have been unable to rise above the level of their subjects. Their forms have been crude, their spirits essentially naive, and their wit of the sort which expresses itself in what is currently known as a wisecrack. Those who, on the other hand, aspired toward literature have generally suffered from a derivativeness. Their scene is commonly one of those drawing-rooms inhabited by people who might belong to the good society of any time or place, and the manners that are exhibited are predominantly those which belong to a literary tradition rather than to life, just as the epigrams which they discourse are quite certain to have more of the odor of the lamp than the real savor of current speech.

But there are, as I say, signs which promise an end of this unfortunate condition. Plays are appearing in which the vitality of the popular drama seems to have united with a genuine sophistication. They begin to assume the polish of polite comedy without becoming in the process mere imitations of the European product, and when the promise of these signs has been fulfilled, when we have something as flavorsome as "Broadway" yet as completely infused with the true comic spirit as, let us say, "The Second Man," then American comedy will have come of age. Meanwhile I salute Mr. Sturges as one who seems likely to bring that happy day measurably nearer.

Michael Gold's "Fiesta" (Garrick) cannot be said to promise anything so important. Its author has a real gift for catching the spirit of those "workers" with whom he is so much concerned, but his play as a whole is decidedly clumsy and unlicked. By far the best scene is that of the Fiesta itself, and that scene is enlivened by some excellent dances staged by Tamaris.

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International Relations Section

Communism and Peace

By HARRY W. LAIDLER

EUROPE was again occupied this summer—fifteen years after the outbreak of the World War—with a large variety of movements against war and imperialism. Among these movements that of the Second Anti-Imperialist World Congress at Frankfort was one of the most spectacular.

On July 20 some hundreds of men and women, boys and girls arrived at Frankfort, the picturesque city on the Main, the former home of Goethe and the Rothschilds and —shades of the Rothschilds—the present center of German Communist agitation, to attend the Second Anti-Imperialist World Congress. They were met at the station by young, fair-haired German Communists and registered at a nearby hotel. For the first three days I chanced to be an interested spectator at this gathering.

The conference began with a session devoted to the youth—two or three score of them, from the Continent and from Asia and America. The meeting was opened in the midst of the Russian-Chinese crisis. Rust, representative of the Young Communist International, spoke on this crisis. He told the young delegates:

> All the great imperialist Powers are preparing for war. They feel that they are losing out in their fight against communism and are thus urging on the East to overthrow the Soviet Republic. No state except Russia would have shown such patience in the face of Chinese provocation as the Soviet Government is now showing. They talk about Red imperialism. The task of the anti-imperialist youth is first of all to struggle for the defense of the Soviet Union, and, secondly, to fight for the national independence of the colonies. In case of war, the enemy is not the workers in the opposing countries, but the capitalists in one's own country. All the workers all over the world should raise their weapons against the enemy, capitalist militarism. Should Chinese troops cross the Russian frontier, the whole anti-imperialist youth is prepared to defend the Soviet Union.

Rust sat down amid great applause.

Other speakers hurled their anathemas against imperialist America, against the Social Democrats, against pacifists, against the MacDonald Government, and even against the leadership of James Maxton of the British Independent Labor Party and chairman of the general conference. One lone anarchist from Holland who declared that militarism should not be fought with militarism and that the Soviet Government, by formerly encouraging the Chinese in military preparedness, had helped indirectly in bringing about the present military dictatorship in Russia, was so vigorously denounced during and following his address that he left the conference.

The main conference opened in the Frankfort Hippodrome on Sunday morning. The walls were covered with long red streamers against imperialism and for the freedom of oppressed peoples. The dictator of the conference, if a dictator there was, was the well-to-do Communist member of the German Reichstag, Willi Münzenberg. James Maxton presided but did little more until his concluding address the end of the week. Henri Barbusse, fresh from a sick bed, made an impassioned speech, urging the delegates not to compromise in their fight against imperialism. Gupta represented the National Indian Congress, Katayama the small group of Japanese Communists, and delegate after delegate from Asia, Africa, and Latin America described the wrongs under which he suffered in his respective country. The great proportion of addresses were communist. Melnitschansky of the Russian Trade Union Congress received, perhaps, the most enthusiastic ovation, while the main keynote address was reserved for William Pollitt, leader of the left-wing remnant of the British trade-union movement. Pollitt denounced the National Indian Congress and the Egyptian Nationalists for their recent "capitulation to imperialism," scorned the non-cooperation policy of Indians, told the colonial people that only by revolt could they get national independence, declared that the British Labor Government was the worst foe of the anti-imperialist movement, urged Maxton to leave the "compromising and vacillating elements" in the I. L. P. and join with the Communist movement, and declared that the Soviet Government was the only friend of the colonial people.

Ford, a Negro from America, more recently from Moscow, told the delegates that the American Negro was on the point of revolt, while a delegate from Nicaragua brought the delegates to their feet when he unfurled from the rostrum an American flag, which, he declared, had been snatched from an American marine in Nicaragua, "the first victory of the anti-imperialistic forces."

Several non-Communists spoke. Karl Lindhagen, Social Democratic Mayor of Stockholm, was permitted, as "good window-dressing," as one delegate expressed it, to read a paper on how to mobilize against war without the use of Communist methods. His message was received in silence. Benjamin Marsh told the delegates how little communism there was in the United States. The delegates followed Marsh with a pained expression. Kirkwood of Scotland and others argued against committing the League to a Communist policy. Finally Maxton threatened to resign if they brought before the Assembly the resolution they were considering condemning the policy of the Independent Labor Party, and Gupta from the National Indian Congress protested against a proposed resolution condemning the non-cooperation policy of the Indians. To keep peace, the Communists heeded these protests. Unfortunately, Roger Baldwin, member of the League's Executive Committee from the United States, was incapacitated during the conference and unable to present to the delegates at the general conference his point of view.

The Frankfort conference, on the whole, despite its non-Communist elements, might be said to be representative of the Communist approach to the problem of peace. Its activities were supplemented on August 1 by those of the Communists throughout the Continent who held numbers of mass meetings directed against imperialism and capitalistic wars.

The agitation of the Communists is not an agitation against war as such. Communists everywhere bitterly oppose pacifists and are ready at any time to justify war on the part of a proletarian dictatorship. Capitalist wars alone should

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be opposed. And yet even there, many members of the Third International believe that the coming of communism throughout Europe is dependent on the breaking out of a new capitalist European war. In the present stabilized situation they see no chance in most countries of a successful revolt of the workers. Another big war, however, would lead to untold destruction of lives and property, to untold misery of the workers, to the breakdown of economic and political machinery, to the shift in the power of the classes. Under these conditions the workers, they argue, might be induced to train their guns against the capitalist class instead of against workers of other nations, and, as in Russia, a proletarian revolution might result. Another war, they feel, would also give a chance to the oppressed masses in the colonies to fight against British and other imperialisms and to weaken non-Communist empires at the expense of the Soviet Union. This being so, many unconsciously believe that the sooner the war comes the better. Unconsciously, perhaps, they strive to convince themselves and their followers that war is inevitable, inevitable, among other reasons in their opinion, because peace movements led by liberals, laborites, Social Democrats, and other non-Communists are insincere and impotent. They see peace, therefore, only after Europe has waded through the blood of another war, and during that war they want no pacifists on their side, they want only those who know how to shoot straight and on the "right" side. Among the subject peoples in Asia and Africa, furthermore, they see no independence except through open revolt.

Under these circumstances, Communist agitation against imperialism is likely to be a double-edged sword. To the extent that it undermines the faith of the masses in progress through peaceful parliamentary, trade-union, cooperative, and educational action, to that extent it may be said to be creating a militarist state of mind and be an encouragement to both civil and international conflict. To the extent that it provides an effective warning to those in control to set their houses in order both in their domestic and international relations, such agitation is a factor in world peace.

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□ EDUCATIONAL □

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